THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, September 19, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 12

WEARY.

BY I. F. D.

We are weary of striving and weary of loss—
Weary of bearing the weight of a cross—
Weary of doubting the good and the true,
And oh! so weary of gathering rue.

Weary of longing for blessings denied—
Of seeking deliv'rance from ills that betide.
In bidding farewell to the dreams of our youth
We are learning, alas! new lessons of truth.

Searching for that which we never may find,
In darkness o'er groping as gropeth the blind,
We are looking for warmth where all is cold,
And receiving but dross when asking for gold.

Weary of watching times slow going by,
And weary of hearing grief's piteous sigh—
The knell of dead hopes—the wail of despair—
The anguish and heart-break we meet everywhere.

Weary, so weary, and longing for light—
For the dawn that will follow the long, dark night,
But trusting the infinite wisdom and power
Of One who can brighten life's dreariest hour.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN she joined the earl and countess the following morning, her face had regained its lost color and brightness, her eyes shone like stars, her lips were wreathed with smiles.

"We shall have a large gathering tonight," said Lady Linleigh. "I hear the Eastham ball is considered the best of the season; all the elite of London will be there."

"Then Lord Vivianne is sure to be there," she thought. Her spirit rose with the emergency.

"I will look my best," she said to herself; "I will dazzle him so completely in my splendor and magnificence that he shall not dare even in thought to associate me with the Doris he knew."

She spent some hours of the bright sunny morning in the park, smiling to herself as she thought what an old-fashioned recipe was fresh air and exercise for keeping a brilliant bloom.

She rested after lunch and spent some time in the evening combining jewels and flowers, so as to form a marvelous effect. To her maid she said:

"Eugenie, I want to be the belle of the ballon to-night. You must exert all your skill."

The pretty Parisian stood with her head on one side, studying the face and figure she had to adorn.

"What kind of style does my lady wish? Shall it be gay, brilliant?"

"Magnificent!" said Lady Studleigh, laughing. "I wish to be magnificent as a queen, an empress!"

"It will not be difficult, my lady," was the smiling reply.

Nor did there appear to be any difficulty when she was dressed for the ball. She looked every inch a queen. She wore a superb dress of white brocade, embroidered with small golden flowers, the effect of which was gorgeous in the extreme.

Sometimes, and in certain lights, she looked like a mass of gold; in others, like white creamy clouds. The firm white throat was clasped with a diamond necklace, the Duke of Downsbury's gift.

Large diamond ear-rings hung from the pretty ears, a cross of diamonds and sapphires gleamed on her white breast, the fair arms were bound with diamonds, and she wore a circlet of diamonds in her hair. Even the flowers matched her costume. They were fragrant white blossoms of a rare plant, with tiny golden bells.

Eugenie wondered why the beautiful lady stood looking so long and earnestly in the mirror.

She was not admiring herself. No light of gratified vanity came into her eyes; no flush of delight colored her cheeks.

She was examining herself gravely, critically, severely, trying to estimate in her own mind the exact impression that she would produce on others.

Her thoughts were evidently favorable to herself. No one looking at the beauty of that patrician face would dare to recognise her as anything less lofty than she seemed to be. As for believing what Lord Vivianne might say of her, who would do it?

Just as she had foreseen, she was the belle of the ball. The Duke of Eastham selected her for the opening of it, and the evening was one long ovation and triumph for her.

Yet, though flattery and homage were all round her, she never for one moment forgot her chief object, which was looking for Lord Vivianne.

She knew by instinct when he entered the room. She saw him look round, and knew, as well as though he had told her, that he was looking for her.

Now was the time! Her face flushed into rarest loveliness; her eyes grew radiant. She had the world at her feet tonight. Let him come and do his worst. She could defy him.

She saw him go up to the Duchess of Eastham, who listened to him with a smile. Then they both looked in her direction, and in a few minutes were standing by her.

She never betrayed the least sign of fear. He looked curiously at her. The light flashed in her jewels, but the diamonds lay quite still on her white breast; the golden bells of the flowers never trembled.

In a few smiling words, the duchess introduced Lord Vivianne to Lady Studleigh. She bent her graceful head and smiled. He begged to know if she had yet one dance to spare, and she answered "Yes."

He listened attentively to the voice. It was certainly like that of Doris, but he fancied the accent was more silvery, more refined.

"It is very warm," she said, looking straight in his face; "I should like an ice."

"Quite a happy inspiration," he replied, and they went away together.

If she felt the least tremor of fear she did not show it; she laughed and talked quite gayly to him, with the simple innocence of a child, not shrinking even in the least, while his eyes looked deep down into hers, as though he would read every thought of her soul.

If she had shrunk from him—if she had shown the least fear—if she had avoided his glance, refused to dance with him, he would have had more reason to suspect her; as it was, he was fairly bewildered, and more than once he called himself a simpleton for his suspicion.

The bright, fearless glance, the child-like smile, the frank gayety, would have puzzled a wiser man than Lord Vivianne.

"I will try her," he thought. "If she be the girl who went to Italy with me, I shall find it out."

He offered her his arm, so that he could feel her hand tremble, if tremble it did. He began by admiring her bouquet.

"You have some very rare flowers there, Lady Studleigh," he said—"white blossoms and golden bells; it is an exotic. Is it Indian or Italian?"

She looked at him with a frank smile.

"I am very ignorant," she said. "I love flowers very dearly, but I never made them a study. Long Latin names frighten me."

"Yet it is a beautiful study," he said.

She laughed again.

"I believe, honestly," she said, "that if I knew, for instance, the Latin and Greek name of this lovely flower, with its whole history, I should not enjoy it half as much as I do now. That is a mystery to me."

"Do you like mysteries?" he asked, quickly.

"I can hardly tell; I think I should if I had one."

He looked into the very depths of her eyes—they were as clear and open as the day.

"You are too frank to care for mystery," he said.

"Yes, frankness is what Lord Linleigh calls one of my failings."

"Why is it a failing?" he asked.

"Because I carry it to excess. I have an unfortunate habit of saying whom I like, whom I dislike, what I care for, and what I do not care for."

That frank abandon was not much like the Doris he had known.

"That is very nice," he said; "I wish I dare ask if you are likely to like me?"

"I will tell you when I know more of you," was the reply. "I have a fashion of showing my liking, which I am sure is a little outre."

"Have you ever been in Italy?" he asked, watching her intently, as he spoke.

If there had been the least change of color, if her eyes had drooped in the least from his, he would have said: "Doris, I have found you!"

As it was, the only expression on her face was one of innocent surprise.

"In Italy?" she repeated. "Oh, yes, I finished my education there!"

He made no reply, but began to think to himself that he must indeed have been mistaken. Then he talked to her about many things. Her answers gave him the impression that she was very quick, very clever, but innocent, almost with a child-like simplicity.

He had but one resource, one more question to ask, and if he were baffled in that, he should be at a loss what to think. He gazed earnestly into the beautiful face.

"Lady Studleigh," he said, "I cannot help fancying that I have seen you before—that we have met before, and have been good friends. Is it so?"

There was no trace of emotion in her face—nothing but girlish surprise.

"Met before? I do not remember it, Lord Vivianne. I have been introduced to so many strangers, it is possible I may have forgotten some. Still, I think I should have remembered your name."

"It was not in London we met," he said. "Carry your memory back to last year—only last year. Have you no place for me in it?"

"No," she replied, "I have not. Last year I spent at Linleigh Court. Have I really seen you before, Lord Vivianne? Indeed, I apologize most sincerely for not remembering you."

"It may be only a fancy," he said.

"But if you know me, and knew that I ought to recognise you, why did you ask for an introduction to me?" she asked wonderingly.

"Because I was not sure," he replied, gloomily. "I am not sure now. I am not sure now. I am bewildered."

Then, when he saw the surprise on her face deepen into annoyance, he said:

"I beg your pardon. I did know some one once who was like you—oh, so like you!—someone who made me very unhappy. That is our dance, Lady Studleigh, smile, that I may know you have forgiven me."

She smiled, and they went away to the ballroom together.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"EARLE," said Lady Doris, "it seems so long since you left me."

She was standing in the ballroom with the countess. Her late partner, Lord Vivianne, had gone to fulfill his engagement elsewhere.

"It seems so long," she repeated.

And Earle, who knew every tone of her voice, detected something unusually sad in it. His face grew bright with happiness that she had missed him.

"I saw you dancing with the gentleman who admired you so greatly the other evening," he replied. "You seemed so interested in his conversation that I never dreamed you would miss me."

"He has tired me so, Earle," she said, gently. "Before I can enjoy myself again, I must go somewhere and rest for a few minutes. Where shall we go?"

Earle silently placed the little white hand on his arm, and led the way to a brilliant-lighted conservatory, where the rippling of the fountain mingled with the songs of the tamed birds.

There was no one else in that spacious fragrant place. He drew a chair to one of the fountains and placed her in it.

She drew a deep breath of unutterable relief, as one had passed through mortal peril and escaped it. Looking at her, Earle saw that her beautiful face was ghastly white, the eyes she raised to him were dim and shadowed with horror.

"Earle," she said, with a faint attempt at a smile, "I do not look much like the belle of the ball now, do I?"

He was full of concern.

"Not much," he replied. "What is the matter, darling?—what has made you ill? I have thought so often lately that you looked ill and unlike yourself."

She tried to smile, but the expression on her face belied the smile.

"I never did faint in my life," she said—"it is an achievement quite beyond me—but I feel much inclined to do the deed now. Earle, fetch some brandy for me."

"Brandy!" he repeated. "Wine would be better, my darling, brandy is very strong."

"Wine tastes like water," she said. "I want something that is all fire—all fire! to make me strong. Be quick, Earle—be quick! I have to dance with Prince Poermal before supper. I would not be seen looking like this for all the wide world."

"I do not like leaving you alone," said Earle.

"No one will come here," she said, impatiently. "That is the Elisir d'Amor waltz—no one will miss us. Go quickly, Earle."

He bent down and kissed the pale face, then he went quickly to the buffet, poured some brandy in a small glass and carried it to her.

She sat just as he had left her—the white arms had fallen listlessly by her side, the white blossoms with the golden bells lay at her feet. Earle thought she looked like some one whose whole strength had been expended in a dire struggle.

"Doris," he said gently, "drink this, dear."

She raised her head and drank the brandy as though it had been so much water. He looked at her in wonder. Then the color slowly returned to her face.

"I understand, Earle," she said, "now,

for the first time, why people take to drinking."

There was something so strange in her manner that Earle felt almost frightened.

"Do not talk in that fashion, my darling," he said! "I can not endure to hear you. Sweet lips like yours should not utter such words."

She laughed; her lips were quite red now, and there was color in her face.

"I can understand it," she repeated, laughingly. "When you brought that to me I was almost dead—it seemed to me that all strength had left me, all the life in me was freezing; now I am warm, living, and well. The next time I feel ill I shall take brandy."

He did not know whether she were laughing or not, whether she meant the words seriously or not, but they impressed him most disagreeably.

"Doris," he said, gravely, "never do that. "You are only jesting, dear, and this unhealthy style of life will soon be over for you. You exhaust your strength by overdoses of gayety and excitement. Do not fly to stimulants to restore it; you could not do anything more fatal."

She laughed.

"Of course I am jesting. This is a rest to sit here with you. Lord Vivianne tired me so dreadfully." She shuddered as with cold, and laid her head back on the chair. "How is it, Earle, that some people are so disagreeable and others so nice?"

Earle laughed, so happy to think that she called him nice.

"Which is Lord Vivianne?" he asked.

"Oh, disagreeable, you may be sure of that. See how he has tired me."

"But the world in general considers him a very agreeable man," said Earle.

"I do not. We will not talk of him. Say something very loving and very pleasant to me, Earle, that will send all tiresome thoughts out of my mind."

"You have no right with tiresome thoughts. What are they? Tell me them," he said.

She laughed, but the laugh was a sigh.

"What tiresome thoughts can I have, Earle, except that I regret youth and pleasure are not immortal? I can have no other. Say something loving to me, Earle."

He bent over her and whispered words that brought a sweet, bright flush to her face; then she stood up.

"Now give me my flowers, Earle."

He did so, shaking the little golden bells.

"Do I look bright and brilliant again?" she asked—"like the belle of the ball?"

"Yes, bright as the morning star."

"Now for Prince Poormal and some sugared German compliments," she said. And they returned to the ball-room.

The prince, all smiles, all gallantry, all devotion, came up to claim her hand. Earle watched her as she danced with him; she was all smiles, all brightness, all light. She talked gayly, she laughed, and the prince appeared to be charmed with her.

Earle wondered more and more. Was it possible this brilliant, beautiful girl was the one he had seen so short a time before, white, cold and silent, as though some terrible trouble lay over her. He saw what universal admiration she excited; how many admiring glances followed her; he saw that in that brilliant assembly there was no one to compare with her, and he wondered at his own good fortune in winning so peerless a creature. Yet he felt that there was something strange about her, something that he could not understand.

Her spirits were strangely unequal; one minute she was all fire, animation, and excitement, the next dull and absent.

He tried to account for it all by saying to himself the life was new to her—new and very strange—and it was only natural that she should feel strange in it.

Later on in the evening, when the brilliant ball was almost over, Lord Vivianne sought Lady Studleigh again.

"I am going to ask a great favor," he said; "it is that I may be permitted to call. I have had the pleasure of an introduction to the Earl of Linleigh."

"I shall be much pleased," she replied indifferently—so indifferently that he could not possibly tell whether she were pleased or otherwise.

"Shall you remain much longer in town?" he asked, determined to keep up a conversation with her.

"I hope so," she replied. "I think London is incomparable; I cannot imagine any other life half so delightful."

"You should see Paris," he said, looking earnestly at her.

"Yes, I should like to see court life in Paris. I was there as a child, but, as a matter, of course, I have no knowledge of French society. I was too young to know much about it."

"You must try to spend some time there; there is a brilliancy about French society that we do not find in England."

She looked as politely indifferent as possible, not sufficiently so to offend him, but enough to show him that she felt no great interest in the conversation.

He could not find any excuse for delaying any longer, but he left her with the determination to see her again as soon as possible.

"The ball has been a brilliant success," said the earl. "Have you enjoyed it, Doris?"

"Yes," she replied, "I liked Prince Poormal, and I liked the Duke of Eastham, but I did not like all my partners."

Lord Linleigh laughed.

"That is hardly to be supposed," he said. "If it be not a rude question, which of them did your ladyship dislike?"

"Dislike is too strong a word, papa. I did not care about Lord Vivianne; he tired me very much. How can people admire him?"

"You do not like him," said the earl. "I suppose it does not much matter, but I am rather sorry. He seemed to take a great fancy to me, and pressed me to try shooting with him. If you do not like him, I shall not."

She laughed.

"There is no need for that, papa; it does not quite follow that because he is not to my taste, he is not to yours, does it?"

"No; but he spoke of calling on us, and did his best to make me understand that he wished to be on visiting terms with us."

"Why not?" she asked, indolently.

"If you do not like him, Doris, I should never care to see him inside our doors."

"I do not like him as a partner, papa; perhaps as a visitor to the house I might like him very well indeed. He tired me with his incessant questions and compliments."

"Perhaps he was very much charmed with you," said the earl, laughingly. "I must say, no one ever showed a greater desire to be on intimate terms with me than he did. I asked him to dine on Thursday—the Bishop of Lingham is coming—and we shall see if he improves upon acquaintance."

"He seemed to me very polite and pleasing," said the countess, quietly.

And then they spoke no more of Lord Vivianne, but Lady Studleigh thought of him incessantly. She had made the greatest effort, which was talking to him, parrying his questions, assuming a part, and carrying it on for some time.

She had said to herself that the danger was averted, that she had no more to fear, but she found that she was wrong.

In his eyes she read a fixed determination to know her—a doubt that all her skill had not been able to solve, all her talent had not prevented.

She felt this; she understood that, although he had seemed to acquiesce in all she said, in his own mind suspicion still lingered.

CHAPTER LXIV.

STANDING in the solitary splendor of her room, Doris looked round her with despairing eyes. Was it possible that this sin, of which she had thought so little, would be the means of dragging her down from the brilliant height on which she stood? What were those words haunting her?

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Was it possible that her brilliant life, her triumphant career, her happiness, should all be ended by this secret coming to life?

Would it be of any use throwing herself on his mercy, and asking him to keep the horrible story to himself? Bah! she hated him so that she would ask no favor from him—not to save twenty lives!

The only thing for her to do was to go on befiling him—to treat him, not with unkindness, but with such calm indifference that he would find it impossible to break down the barrier—to avoid conversation with him, and to marry Earle as soon as possible.

Once married, she could easily persuade her husband to take her abroad. She would keep out of England a year or two, and then Lord Vivianne would have forgotten his fancy.

"There is one thing I must do the next time I see him," said the unhappy girl to herself. "I must tell him, in some way or other, that my name is Doris. He is sure to find it out. I had better tell him."

She went to rest in her luxurious chamber, perhaps one of the most luxurious in London, and in the whole of that vast city there was not a heart more restless or more sad than hers.

* * * * * *

Lady Doris met Lord Vivianne next at a flower-show at Chiswick. It pleased the fair ladies of fashion to congregate there. The Duchess of Downsbury, the Countess of Linleigh and Lady Doris had driven together.

It was a brilliant fete; the sky overhead was blue and cloudless, the golden sun was shining, the air was filled with the songs of countless birds, and laden with the fragrant odor of a thousand flowers. The charm of sweetest music was not wanting; from under the shade of the trees came the clear bright sounds. It was like fairy-land.

The earl had ridden down; Earle was prevented from going.

It was there that, for the second time, she met the man who was fast becoming her mortal foe. There was a long, shady avenue of trees, with beautiful chestnuts in full bloom; the air seemed alive and warm with their fragance.

The duchess and her daughter had gone to look at some exquisite specimens of white heath; Lady Studleigh walked slowly down the chestnut grove. She heard footsteps behind her, and thinking it was the duchess, she did not turn. Then the voice that she hated most in the world sounded in her ears.

"Good-morning, Lady Studleigh; I esteem myself very fortunate in meeting you here."

Again he looked narrowly into her face, to see if there was the faintest trace of confusion or fear. It was calm and bright as the morning itself; her eyes shone like two stars, his lips were all smiles.

"Good-morning," she replied, laughingly, "I shall have my ideal of fairy-land after this, Lord Vivianne."

"What will it be?" he asked.

"A flower-show. It is really very beautiful; I can not tell you how much I enjoy it."

"Perhaps novelty adds to the charm," he said. "The most beautiful flowers I have ever seen are at Downsbury Castle. You have been to Downsbury Castle, Lady Studleigh?"

"Yes," she replied, with the frankest unconcern, "I was there last year. I thought the flowers very beautiful."

"I once saw a flower," he said, "that I would defy all creation to equal."

"Did you? For my part, I think them all beautiful alike. Have you seen the japonicas here?"

"No, I have only just arrived."

To himself he added, despairingly:

"I must be wrong. She could not be so frankly unconcerned. Besides, how could the girl I took to Florence with me be Lord Studleigh's daughter?"

"Did you like Downsbury Castle?" he asked, again.

"Yes, but I can not say that I was ecstatically happy there."

"Why not?" he asked. "You ought to be happy everywhere."

She laughed a low, musical laugh.

"I do not think," she said, "that I was a great favorite with her grace."

"With the duchess—why not?"

"For many reasons. She did not like the color of my hair, because it is brighter than Lady Linleigh's. She did not like my name; she said it had the flavor of common poetry about it."

"Your name? If I am not too presumptuous, what is it?"

"Doris," she replied, and she raised her eyes to his with a look of most angelic innocence. He was bewildered.

"Doris," he repeated. "I knew a Doris once—the one so like you."

"Doris—how strange." Again the low, sweet laugh that maddened him. "I assure you," she continued, "that I am like the duchess—I dislike the name exceedingly.

He was looking at her in a maze of perplexity. She was so like; it must be his Dora. The name, too, it could not be a coincidence. Yet, if she were the girl he had betrayed, it was not natural that she could refrain from showing some little emotion, some fear, some surprise. She did not appear to notice that there was anything strange in his silence or his fixed regard.

"I have a theory of my own about names," she continued, "and I think it the most cruel thing in the world to give a child either an ungainly or an unusual one. If I had had a sensible name, I should not have been full of caprice as I am now."

He laughed, still wondering. Could it be his Dora, the girl he had learned to love with such a fierce, mad love—the girl to recover whom he would have cheerfully laid down his wealth?

He would not have believed it possible if any other man had told him such a story; he would have said it could not be, that it must be clear at once whether she were the girl or not, yet he was puzzled.

If a kingdom had been offered to him at that moment to say whether this was the girl he had loved or not, he could not have told.

Still, he would try her, and try her until some incautious word, some half-uttered exclamation, some sudden look of fear would betray her. If none of these things happened, he would take further steps—go down to Brackenside, where he had first met her, and see what he could find out there.

Then, as he listened to her, his faith was shaken again. Surely, if she dreaded recognition, she would be less natural, she would seek in some measure to disguise her voice, her laugh; but no one could be more frank or natural.

Then a new idea came to him. If she were really Dora, as sooner or later he must discover, then he would compel her to marry him by threats. If she were not, he would win her love and marry her.

Looking at the exquisite face, the proud eyes, all the mad, fierce love that he had felt for his lost Dora came over him. Then he was startled to find the laughing eyes looking at him with some curiosity.

"I have heard of day-dreams, Lord Vivianne," she said. "Now I have seen a day-dreamer. We have been through this chestnut grove twice, and you have not spoken; you have been building castles in the air."

"I have been building castles of which I have dared to make you the queen," he replied.

"I should like to be queen of something more substantial than an air-castle," she replied, laughingly.

"You do not know," he said, "that being with you, Lady Studleigh, is at once the highest happiness and the greatest misery."

"I ought to be flattered at producing such a variety of emotions," she replied, with a laugh.

"You would be serious, you would pity me, if you knew all," he said.

"Shall I pity you without knowing anything?" she replied.

"No; but, Lady Studleigh, you are so perfectly, so exactly, like some one I—I loved and lost. You are the very counterpart of her—her true likeness. I have never seen anything so marvelous!"

"How did you lose her?" she asked. "Did she die?"

"No. To me it was almost worse than that. She, this lovely girl whom I so dearly loved, was beneath me in station, yet I worshiped her. She affected to love me—whether she did or not, Heaven only knows. But just as I had made up my mind to marry her, because I loved her so dearly I could not live without her, she disappeared—went away out of my life, and I have not seen her since."

"What a strange story," she replied, indifferently, "and how strange that you should tell it to me, Lord Vivianne."

"Because," he cried, with sudden passion, "you are so much like her—do you not see? You are so much like her that I could look in your face and cry out—'Dora, Dora, have you forgotten me?'"

She laughed again.

"Could you? How strange! I should feel very much surprised if you did."

"You are so like her. When I look at you my heart seems to leave me."

Her violet eyes, with their proud light, looked into his calmly.

"I did not think the men of the present day knew much about love," she said; "but you seem to have loved her."

"Loved her!—but I forget myself, Lady Studleigh! you might as well try to imagine what the heat and thunder of battle are like, from seeing them painted on canvas, as guess how I loved her from hearing me use the word love."

"You should find her and tell her all this," she said.

And from the half-tired expression that for one moment crossed the beautiful face, he knew she was growing politely wearied of the theme.

"I am searching for her," he said, his lips growing white and hot as he spoke. "I am looking for her. There are times when I believe that I have found her."

"That is well," she replied.

"No, it is hardly well. When I am sure that I have discovered her I shall ask her to marry me; and if she refuses, let her beware! let her beware!"

The words came from him with a hiss.

Her sunny laughter smote him like the edge of a sharp sword.

"How dramatic, Lord Vivianne! I shall begin to think you are rehearsing for a tragedy!"

He looked confused.

"If she be not Dora," he thought, "what will she think of me?"

Then she continued:

"I ought to apologize, Lady Studleigh. I cannot help it, you are so much like her. I loved her so dearly that, do you see, I would lose my life rather than my hope of winning her for my wife."

"But how can you make her your wife, Lord Vivianne?" she asked, wonderingly. "If she had loved you, and had been willing to marry you, she would not have run away, would she?"

"I have never understood it; there was a mystery in her disappearance that I never fathomed. But I will fathom it, I will find her, and make her my wife."

"Did she run away from all her friends, too?" she asked.

He turned to look at her, and they glanced for one half minute steadily at each other.

"If I have asked an intrusive question," she said, with a smile, "it was your fault for telling me. Remember, I did not ask your confidence—you gave it to me."

"As I would give you the whole world if I had it," he replied, passionately.

"Because I am so much like some one else," she replied, smilingly; "I ought to be grateful to you."

"If ever harm or evil comes to me," said Lord Vivianne, "it will be through her. I am not master of myself; when I think of her, it maddens me. I believe if I met her—found her, and she refused to be my wife, I should—"

"Should what?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"I should kill her!" he said, fiercely.

"How dreadful! You are quite a tragedy hero, Lord Vivianne." She laughed as she spoke, and shrugged her shoulders. "Suppose this lady of whom you speak should be like you, and say the same thing—that she would rather kill you than marry you. What then?"

"Why, then we should fight it out to the bitter end."

"Here is the duchess," said Lady Studleigh, calmly. "Mind, Lord Vivianne, I do not think you have done the wisest thing in trusting a stranger, like myself, with your secrets; however, your confidence in me shall not be misplaced, I will keep them."

Then the duchess and Lady Linleigh joined them. He remained with them, affecting to talk to them, but secretly engaged in watching Lady Doris. But it was all in vain. There was no trace of thought or care on her face.

She talked and laughed gayly, as though he had not spoken a word; the only thing was, that in her manner to him he detected a gentle pity that she had not shown before.

"I must be mistaken," he said to himself. "Eyesight, hearing, memory, all must be wrong—all must have failed me; but—she could not possibly be playing a part—she cannot be my lost Dora. No woman could be so utterly indifferent. I must be mistaken, but I will find it out!"

CHAPTER LXV.

IT did not occur to Lady Doris that in all probability Lord Vivianne would recognize Earle. He had seen him once, and once only—that was walking with her, near Brackenside. But his lordship had no eyes then to spare for the rustic lover.

He had also known his name—Earle Morsy—but he was proverbially careless, forgetful, and indifferent. It was a question whether he had paid the least heed to it, not thinking it could even interest him.

On the day of the dinner-party at Hyde House it had occurred to her that they would meet. They had both been at the Duchess of Eastham's ball, but in a crowded ball-room even friends often fail to recognise each other.

How would it be when they met in the same room, dined at the same table? People would be sure to make some allusion to Earle's poems, some one would be sure to mention Downsbury Castle, then Earle would join in and she would be lost.

She might, by her indifference, make him believe that he was mistaken; but if he once found out who Earle was, and that Earle was still her lover, she could bind him no longer. Had she met him only at rare intervals, she might have continued to lead him.

Had she met him casually in society, she could have carried on her deception until it was too late for him to injure her. But now that he was coming, as it were, into the very heart of her home, she had less chance.

If he found out about Earle, he would find out about her, too. Then—well, suppose it came, this discovery that she dreaded so terribly, what would he do if she refused to marry him?

"Kill her," he had said; but that was not so easily done. She might compromise, and secure her own safety by refusing to marry Earle, and marrying Lord Vivianne. He would keep her secret then.

People would only say that she had changed her mind, and say that she was like all the Studleighs—faithless. But she loved Earle with all her power of loving, and she hated Lord Vivianne with an untold hatred.

She said to herself that if she had to save herself from the most terrible death by marrying him, she would not do it. She loathed him; she would have been pleased to hear that he was dead, or anything else dreadful had happened to him, for he had spoiled her life. Of what use was all her wealth, her luxury, her magnificence? Her life, through him, was spoiled—completely spoiled.

"I wish he were dead," she said to herself, over and over again. "The toils are spreading around me; I shall be caught at last."

She flung her arms above her head with a terrible cry. What was she to do? She must, first of all, prevent them from meeting that night. They must not dine together at her father's house; that was the evil to be immediately dreaded. She flung the masses of golden hair back from her white face.

"If I dare but tell Earle, and let him avenge me," she thought.

Then she wrote to him a coaxing little note, telling him that she had a particular reason for desiring him not to dine at Hyde House that evening—a reason that she would explain afterward, but that she herself desired to see him alone.

Would he come later on in the evening and ask for her? She would arrange to receive him in Lady Linleigh's boudoir. Then she rang for a footman in hot haste.

"Take this note to Mr. Morsy," she said. "Never mind how long you have to wait. Give it into his own hands, then bring me the answer."

"Oh, these lovers," sighed the servant. "What there is to do to please them."

Still, he did his best. He waited until he saw Earle, put the note in his hand, and waited for the answer.

Earle only smiled as he read it. He was so completely accustomed to these pretty little caprices, he had ceased to attach any importance to them. He merely wrote in reply that he was entirely at her command.

"You remember the old song, my darling:

"'Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
Thou hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.'

"I will come later on in the evening, and see no one but you."

He laughed as he closed the note.

"I wonder what pretty caprice possesses my darling now," he said to himself.

The man who took the note back wondered at his young mistress; her face was quite white, her golden hair clung in rich disorder, the white hands, so eagerly extended to seize the letter, trembled and burned like fire.

"They must have had a quarrel," he said to himself, with a knowing nod as he closed the door. "They have had a quarrel, and my lady wishes to make it all right again."

It was a reprieve. She kissed the little note with a passion of love that was real.

"My darling," she said, "if we could but go away together."

And as she sat there a sudden memory of the time when she had run away from him came to her. She saw the old-fashioned garden at Brackenside; she saw the great crimson roses, and the sheaves of white lilies; she saw the kindly face of Mattie, and heard Earle singing:

"Thou art my soul, my life—the very eyes
of me."

Ah, peaceful, innocent days! Blind, mad fool that she had been ever to listen to Vivianne, to let him tempt her—to let him take her from the innocent happy home! What had she gained? And—ah, heaven!—what had she lost? If she could but have foreseen, have known, how differently she would have behaved.

"I am strong," she said, pushing away the golden hair with her white hands. "I am strong, but I could not live this life—it would kill me."

She sat for half an hour thinking steadily, then her resolve was taken. She would tide over the dinner as well as she could, throwing him more and more off his guard. She would see Earle that evening, and tell him that she wanted their marriage hastened; that she was tired of so many lovers, and wanted to go away with him; that she was wearied of London life.

She knew that Earle would be on the alert to serve her, he would manage it all. She had faith in his great love. Then she would tell the earl that her health and strength were failing her; ask him to take her to Linleigh Court. Lord Vivianne would not dare to follow her there. It was like a haven of rest to her.

When the summer came, she would marry Earle quietly and go abroad. Then she would be out of her enemy's power; he could no longer hurl her from her high estate, or compel her to marry him. She would be another man's wife then, and it would be his place to protect and avenge her.

The plan, rapidly conceived, rapidly sketched, was her only resource, her only safety. True, it would spoil her life, the triumphs which she now enjoyed would be hers no longer.

She would cease to be the belle of the season, the queen of beauty and fashion. She must lose that part of her life which she valued most—the homage, the adulation, the brightness, and all through him. How her whole soul raged in burning fury against him!

If she had been lying there on the ground, her foot on his neck, she would not have spared him. She would have seen him die with pleasure. It did not lessen her anger and her rage that she had to talk to him, to smile, and charm him.

"If a look could kill him," she said to herself, "he should die."

She longed to be in Italy, where a bravo, for a comparatively small sum, would soon have ended his life. She was obliged to soothe her anger, to still the fierce tempest of rage, to calm her fears, to take an interest in her dress, to smile, to look sweet and winning, with the most vindictive hate in her heart!

Then she went into the little drawing-room. Lord Linleigh went up to her.

"What a pretty toilet, Loris," he said. "White lace and roses. Your taste is simply superb. But, ah, me! ah, me!"

"What is it, papa?" she asked, as he laughed gently.

"Earle is not coming, my dear. I am afraid you will be disappointed. He has sent a hurried little note to say that it is impossible. He is busy about his election, you know."

A few minutes afterward, and Lord Vivianne, with a smile on his face, entered the room. Her fingers clutched the flowers she carried so tightly; the thought passed through her mind that if he could but have fallen dead over the threshold, it would have been well for her.

"I shall see him if he comes in later on," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETIQUETTE.—Talleyrand, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on being able to adjust his mode of address on any occasion to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking.

As an illustration of this, it was said that, on one occasion, when he had a party of distinguished men to dinner, and was inviting them to partake of some beef, he varied his formula to suit the rank of the respective guests. To a prince of the blood:

"May I have the honor of sending your royal highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I send you some beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, pray have a little beef?" To a baron: "Baron, do you take beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Monsieur, some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?"

This exhausted the verbal possibilities of the situation.

But there was yet another person present of even lower social rank than the private secretary. Talleyrand was quite equal to the occasion. Fixing his humble guest with his eye, he did not speak, but merely held up the carving knife and raised his eyebrows.

A PURSE without money is better than a head without brains; the first may be filled, the other can't.

Bric-a-Brac.

THEIR UNLUCKY DAY.—There is a Spanish proverb that "on Tuesday one should never travel or marry," and t' is superstition is so ingrained that even in Madrid there are never any weddings on Tuesdays, and the trains are almost empty.

CURIOUS PARTNERS.—A curious partnership often exists between the sea-anemone and the hermit crab. The latter always has an anemone fastened to its shell, and when he changes his quarters he takes his anemone along, provided he can detach it from the old shell.

THE PEACH.—The peach is said to have been originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transplantation has not only removed its poisonous qualities, but turned it into the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

BY SMELL ALONE.—A foreign scientist throws doubt on the assumption that insects are easily attracted by bright and contrasted colors in flowers. Showy dahlias hidden beneath leaves and colored paper seemed to be visited by bees and butterflies quite as often as the exposed flowers. It is concluded that perception of odors is the insect's guide.

INTELLIGENT.—A London dog noticed that at a certain crossing the policeman stopped the traffic in order to allow his mistress to pass over. The other day the dog went out alone, and when he came to the crossing he barked to attract the policeman's attention. The policeman, guessing what the dog wanted, stopped the traffic, whereupon the dog walked slowly across the street.

BELLS.—In Antwerp Cathedral there are seventy bells, some of them of great antiquity. One—the Carolus—given by Charles V., King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and Archduke of Austria, is only rung twice in each year, when it is said to take sixteen men to ring it. The amalgam of which it is made consists of gold, silver, and copper, and the bell, with the metal it contains, is said to be worth twenty thousand pounds.

CLOSING THE GATES.—A very curious custom in Seoul is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city has proclaimed it to be the hour of sunset and the time for closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of a flogging; but the women are allowed to go about and to visit their friends. However, as tigers frequently scramble over the city walls at night, and prowl about looking for food, the privilege is not much valued by the fair sex.

LONG KNOWN THERE.—It is not positively known at what period the chrysanthemum first became the object of admiration in the Far East; but according to Chinese chronology, we may safely put it at about 2 500 years ago. The celebrated Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who lived about that time, said, in some of his writings: "The chrysanthemum has its yellow glory." In Japan it is of more recent introduction, but it can be traced back to 1180 A. D., in which year the swords of the reigning Mikado were decorated with figures of the flowers.

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?—A noted physician has met with great success in his treatment of persistent cases of "nervous" headaches, and he has finally disclosed the secret. In each case, he says, after the patient had laid bare a long tale of woe—of sleepless nights and miserable days—he prescribed, briefly, a simple haircut. The curative property of the treatment is based on the fact that the tube which passes through the entire length of each single hair is severed in the process, and the hair "bleeds," as the barbers say, thereby opening a safety valve for the congested cranium.

BEAD MAKING.—The Chinese are said to be the oldest bead-makers in the world; they have made beads so long that their historians do not mention a time when their industry was not ancient, and the Chinese to-day do the work just as their forefathers did, and the styles are the same. After the Chinese no people are so expert as the Venetians. At present there are more than one thousand workmen in the island of Murano alone who are engaged in bead-making. The few manufactures in other parts of the world have all learned the secret of the craft in Venice.

WISELY ORDAINED.

BY S. W.

That all have sorrows in this world of ours,
Seems passing sad; and yet, 'tis better so;
If life were all of sun and Summer flowers,
How rapidly the sluggish stream would flow!

From pain alone true pleasure springs and blooms,
As vernal beauty from the winter's rain,
Or as from pestilent matter sweet perfumes,—
Scarce pleasure would be pleasure without pain.

And were it not for trials, toils and cares,
We should grow listless, dull and tired of life;
And ever less of wheat and more of tares
In God's fair garden of the world were rife.

For these give fortitude and daring will
To man, and courage to endure and wait,—
High aspirations, yearning dreams, that fill
The soul with longings for a grander state.

Dull were the ocean where no winds might sweep
To rouse the waves upon its torpid breast;
Small skill the sailor 'd gain to dare the deep
Where were no storms that skill to teach or test.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XLII.

HER face crimsoned, and she uttered a little cry of surprise and delight.

'Oh! how wicked of you! And—and how sweet of you! But it isn't like me—it's too flattering! Gerald, I must have it!"

"I think not!" he said, decisively. "Ask me for the half of my kingdom, and it is yours; but not this! Stay; I'll make a bargain with you! I'll give it you when—you give me the original. It shall be my wedding present, Claire! I shan't be able to buy you gold or gems; but this is the most precious thing I've got, and I'll give it you to show you how much I love you."

Interlude and pause.

It was the only allusion he had made to his poverty, his inferiority in the matter of wealth and position, but Claire noticed it.

"Gerald," she said, creeping very close to him, and taking the edge of his coat timidly, "If—if you'd rather, I—I should give up the Court and go back to the school, or—or——"

"Let me work for you!" he said, eagerly. Then he shook his head. "Dearest, it is like you to propose it, but I've no right to demand such a sacrifice. Besides, I am not ashamed of your wealth or my poverty. If I were rich and you were poor, you would not let that come between us?"

"No, no, no!" she said. "I would marry you if you were King Corphetua, and I were the Beggar Maid! How clever you are to put it that way, Gerald!"

They sat long over dinner, and Gerald, of course, found it hard to tear himself away. Saying "good-night," in the semi-darkness of one of these recesses in the hall, was a prolonged business; but, at last, he whispered the last words, coaxed for his last kiss, and went homewards suffused with love and happiness.

It was a beautiful night, with the moon at the full, and Gerald, naturally enough, considered his condition, was loath to go in. He thought he would climb up to the cliff before doing so, and turning off from the road, just outside the village, took the narrow footpath.

As he stopped for a moment to light his pipe, he saw a man coming along the downs at right angles with the path.

The moon was partially obscured, and, for a moment or two Gerald did not recognise him, but, presently, when the light was clearer, he saw that it was Mordaunt Sapley.

He wore a thick pea jacket, and its collar was turned up so that it nearly hid the wearer's face; and yet it was by no means a cold night.

He was walking quickly, and yet cautiously, and he glanced round now and again, watchfully.

Gerald thought the dress and manner curious, and, being now naturally suspicious of Mordaunt, drew back under the shadow of the cliff, and waited until Mordaunt had gone on ahead. Then cautiously and noiselessly he followed him.

* * * * * *

Mordaunt had taken his father to their old house, which, perhaps, with a vague presentiment of some such reverse as this which had befallen him, he had left in the hands of a caretaker.

Before they had reached the house, Mordaunt realized the gruesome fact that his father's mind had given way under the shock. He was almost mad himself; for he knew that his career—in Downshire, at any rate—was over; his ambitious projects blighted and destroyed.

Even if Claire, and Mr. Harling, and Gerald were silent, the servants would not hold their tongues. In a few hours the story of the Sapleys' conduct would be spread far and wide.

He would not dare to show his face in public; if he ventured to address a meeting he would be hooted from the platform.

His career was ended, and he recognized the fact at once. The shock was hard to bear, but another sentiment besides disappointment lessened and deadened it.

He had been beaten in the matter of Court Regna—his luck was changing; how about his dread secret buried beneath the sand below the cliff?

He paced his room—the room adjoining his father's where the old man lay chuckling and muttering under the delusion that he had still got the Court within his clutches—paced it like a tiger newly caught and trapped, and faced the situation.

There was only one thing to be done. To buy that accursed bundle, and Jenks' silence; to get together the money he and his father possessed, and leave England. He would be very rich—the Court mortgage sum alone was very large—in another country he could begin to climb the social ladder again.

But the first thing was to get Jenks out of the way. He had put off the meeting, night after night, for reasons which can easily be understood.

He dreaded, loathed, having to look at, touch the bundle, to have to speak of the dead girl. But he could put it off no longer. It was too late that night, but he would go to-morrow.

He threw himself on his bed as the dawn crept into the window, but he could not sleep. Court Regna gone, his life's ambition wrecked; and all in a few hours!

As he tossed from side to side, he cursed Claire, Gerald, even his father, with the impotent, unreasoning fury of a thwarted villain.

The next day he looked into his affairs; and took steps to realise all the property he and his father possessed, and—bitterest task of all!—sent in his resignation of the candidature to the local committee. He gave for an excuse for his withdrawal, the fact of his father's sudden and dangerous illness.

He was occupied the whole day, and ate nothing; keeping himself going by occasional drinks of stiff brandy and water; and at night, with burning head and whirling brain, stole out of the house, and stealthily made his way to the cliff.

As he stole along the familiar path he paused now and again, and caught his breath and shuddered. He could almost fancy that the wraith of the murdered girl was gliding along by his side; and once, as a sea gull flew over his head, shrieking, he had hard work to suppress a scream, for it seemed to him as if it were Lucy's voice as it had risen in its piteous cry at the moment he thrust her over.

A light was burning in Jenks' hut, and he crept up to the window and peered in. The man was sitting by the fire smoking, and a devilish longing jumped into Mordaunt's heart. But if he stole in behind the man and——? But he put it away from him with a shudder, and tapped at the window.

Jenks rose and opened the door, and did not show the least surprise at the visit.

"Oh, here you are, Mr. Mordaunt," he said, stolidly. "I thought as how you'd turn up one o' these nights. Come in and sit down, Mr. Mordaunt. Sorry I haven't anything to offer you."

Mordaunt stood and looked at him, and then round the hut furtively.

"I have no time to waste. Have you done as I told you?"

"Yes; and had to stand no end o' drinks on the strength o' that old uncle o' mine. I could leave here to-morrow—to-night for that matter—and they wouldn't think it queer."

"Good," said Mordaunt. "I have brought the money. Give me," he moistened his lips and looked round with a shiver, "give me the—the bundle."

"Right you are, sir," said Jenks, cheerfully. "Where's the money, sir? Notes or shiners?"

"Notes, notes!" replied Mordaunt, impatiently. "Did you think I could get so large a sum in gold, man?"

"Notes," said Jenks, doubtfully. "Hem, don't fancy them, somehow. Easy to trace, ain't they?"

"For Heaven's sake don't wear out my patience!" Mordaunt interrupted. "Give me the cursed thing, and let me go. I will meet you at Liverpool to-morrow and see you off—not that I am afraid."

"Oh, no; only just in the way of kindness, o' course!" said Jenks, placidly. "I'll get the bundle."

He dragged a sea-chest from the wall, and with an old wood chopper lifted the flooring boards, and slung—flung!—the bundle on the table.

Mordaunt started back with a low cry and an oath, and stood looking at the things as if they were alive and were crying, "Murder! Murder!

Jenks stared at him. "You look bad, Mr. Mordaunt," he said. "Blest if you don't look wuss than you did when you chucked her over the cliff, or when you were piling the sand atop of her down there on the sand slip!"

Mordaunt shuddered.

"Curse you, hold your tongue!" he said, hoarsely, and looking round fearfully. "Do you want anyone to hear you shout——"

"Oh, I ain't afraid," said Jenks. "But I begs your pardin; I ain't given to whispering, you see. Howsomever, there's the bundle, and I'm off to-morrow the first train.

"Now for them notes, Mr. Mordaunt. Lord, to think of my happenin' to be in that part o' the beat that night, and chancing to see you chuck Lucy over—she cried out awful, didn't she!—should make a rich man o' me! Wonderful, the ways o' Providence, ain't they, Mr. Mordaunt?"

Mordaunt took some notes from his pocketbook and some gold from his purse.

"You understand!" he said, thickly. "You will keep your promise! But you dare not come back! Remember what I told you! You are an accessory after the fact, and run the same risk as I do!"

"Right you are, Mr. Mordaunt. I've been thinking that over, and I've been tempted more than once—especially since Mr. Wayre came back—to turn—what do you call it?—Queen's evidence, and I'm not sure that it wouldn't be my best plan."

Mordaunt waved his hand impatiently, then stretched it towards the bundle.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Jenks, as serenely as if he were referring to a piece of old sail cloth.

Mordaunt wiped the sweat from his white and haggard face. "Throw it in the black pool," he said. There was a pool, near the jetty, formed by a circle of rocks, which held the tide for a depth of ten or twelve feet.

Jenks shook his head.

"Better burn it," he said. "Burn it here; I'll make up the fire."

Mordaunt paused, irresolute. He would have to stand by and see the bundle untied, to watch while it was gradually consumed; it was beyond his power of endurance.

"No!" he said. "I—I cannot! It will sink, with stones, to the bottom of the pool."

He took up the bundle. It shook in his hand.

"Open the door!" he said hoarsely. Jenks lurched round the table, but before he could reach the door it opened, and Gerald stood on the threshhold.

Mordaunt dropped the bundle and uttered a shriek. Jenks started back, looked from one to the other, and with stolid sang-froid said—

"Too late. I'm blest if it ain't Mr. Wayre! No, Mr. Mordaunt, I shouldn't take your money." He wagged his hand towards the notes and gold. "I told you just now that I should turn Queen's evidence, that it wasn't no use asking me to destroy that there bundle."

Mordaunt, mad with rage at the man's duplicity and change of front, caught up the axe and dashed at him.

Gerald flung himself between them and caught Mordaunt's arm just in time to avert the blow from Jenks, and gripped Mordaunt tightly. Despair, near akin to madness, will endow a man with the strength of a fiend.

Though he was not nearly so strong as Gerald, Mordaunt wrestled with him with desperate persistence, and once Gerald was underneath.

A pair of pistols hung over the fireplace, and Jenks snatched one down and fired it outside the door, then he came in and stood philosophically looking on at the fight.

At last Gerald mastered the frenzied man, and, pinning him to the ground with his knee, looked over his shoulder at Jenks.

"Give me a rope; anything to tie his hands."

"No, no!" gasped Mordaunt. "I—I surrender."

"Get up," said Gerald, sternly.

Mordaunt shuffled to his feet, and leant against the mantelpiece panting and shaking, and eyeing the two men like a trapped wolf.

"That—that man is a liar!" he gasped. "A liar and—and a vulgar, common scoundrel. He enticed me here with—with a cock and bull story about Lucy Hawker."

"Silence!" said Gerald. "I was outside. I heard every word; I followed you here. My God, and it was you who killed Lucy! Silence! Remember that every word you say must be repeated. You killed Lucy."

Mordaunt glared at him sideways. "Keep your threats for those who fear them," he said, thickly. "I am in your power; what do you intend to do?"

"Hand you over to the police," said Gerald, grimly. He turned to Jenks.

"Jenks, go down and bring up a constable. I will wait here."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jenks, cheerfully, and he went out.

"He will escape," said Mordaunt, between his teeth; but almost as he spoke Jenks came back accompanied by a couple of coast-guards who had heard the pistol-shot.

"I charge this man, Mordaunt Sapley, with the murder of Lucy Hawker," said Gerald, sternly. "You will take him to the police station at Thraxton. We will go down to the village and get a vehicle."

The coastguards stationed themselves on either side of Mordaunt. He leant against the mantelshelf and pointed to his cap, and one of the men picked up for him and threw it to him. He put it on, and turned to the glass, and in doing so stealthily whipped the remaining pistol from its place and thrust it in his breast. The action was so rapidly, so smoothly done that no one noticed it, for they were all talking together in an excited undertone.

"Go on," said Gerald, and with Mordaunt between them the two coastguards led the way.

"Glad you came up, Mr. Wayre," began Jenks, but Gerald stopped him.

"You had better hold your tongue until you appear before the magistrates," he said, significantly.

"Right you are, sir," assented Jenks, and then followed the prisoner in silence.

As they drew near the village, lights began to flash about the houses, and they heard the murmur of voices, and at the head of the street they were met by a crowd of fishermen and women.

"What's up?" demanded one, raising his lantern, and the others gathered round. "Why, it's Mr. Mordaunt! Whatever's happened to 'un?"

"It's a bad business, mates," said one of the coast-guards.

"Yes," said Jenks. "We've found the man as run off with Lucy Hawker. It was Mr. Mordaunt, here."

A cry of astonishment ran through the crowd.

"Mr. Mordaunt! What's he done with her? Mr. Mordaunt! Why, it ain't possible!" They pressed forward; their eager faces shining in the light of the lanterns.

"You'll know presently, so I may as well tell you," said Jenks. "He pitched her over the cliff the night she was thought to have run away. Pitched her over the west cliff and buried her afterwards in the sand slip just below."

A cry of horror rose from the group, followed by a groan and a yell of rage.

Mordaunt shrank nearer the coastguards and clutched one of their arms.

"It's—it's a lie!" he gasped.

"He says it's a lie," said a man. "Answer, Jenks! The truth—the truth!"

"It's true enough," said Jenks, stolidly. "I see him. He came up to-night and offered me money——"

"A lie!" shrieked Mordaunt.

The men talked together excitedly, and swayed to and fro for a moment in wild confusion; then one cried out—

"Mates, it's easily proved! Let's go and see! Bring him along, you chaps!"

"No, no!" said Gerald. "He is my prisoner! I order him to be taken to Thraxton!"

But he felt that he was powerless to oppose them.

"Don't you interfere with we, Mr. Wayre!" growled one of the men. "We'll prove the truth of it! Bring him along, or we'll tear him from 'ee!"

Resistance was useless, and Gerald signed his consent. Mordaunt clung to

the nearest coastguard. "No, no!" he shrieked. "I will not go! I—I demand protection! Take me to the police——"

A sullen roar arose, and a fisherman sprung forward.

"Bring him along, or we will!" he said, with an oath.

Surrounded by the excited mob, which increased at every step, Mordaunt was led down the street and round the rock to the strip of sand. By the time it was reached, he was almost incapable of standing, and one of the guards grabbed him by the arm, and so supported him.

Jenks measured the slip with his eye.

"There's the spot!" he said.

A man had gone into a cottage and snatched up a spade, and he began to dig. But the crowd could not wait, and some of them went down on their knees and tore at the sand with their knives.

Presently one of them uttered a low cry; he had discovered a portion of a woman's dress. The spectators echoed a cry with a moan—a moan of terrible suspense and excitement—and the man with the spade worked more carefully.

As each shovelful of sand was thrown up, Mordaunt shuddered, and clung more tightly to the coastguard, and presently, as a deep sob rose from the crowd, followed by a yell, and then an awful silence, he sank on to the ground.

"It's her! It's Lucy! Oh, my God!" shouted a woman, throwing her arms above her head.

Screams and oaths rent the air; and Gerald, fearing that Mordaunt would be lynched, torn limb from limb, flung himself in front of him.

"Stand back!" he said. "He is in the hands of the law! Justice will be done! Stand back!"

As he spoke, half-a-dozen men threw themselves upon him and pinioned him, and one man—it was the young fisherman, William—sprang upon Mordaunt, and dragged him to the open grave.

"Look at your work, you devil!" he cried, hoarsely. "Look at it!"

And he forced Mordaunt's face down. The wretched man screamed with terror, and wound himself round the legs of his captor.

"Spare me! Spare me! Don't kill me!" he shouted. "I'll confess! I'll—. Don't kill me!" And he writhed upon the sand like a wounded snake.

The man spurned him with his foot.

"Get up you—you murdering dog!" he said, hoarsely. "We won't kill 'ee! We'll leave that to the hangman. Stand back, mates! Let no one touch him! Leave him to Mr. Wayre; he'll see that justice is done by un! Oh, Lucy! Oh, my God!" And he covered his face with his hands.

Gerald sprang forward and stood right across Mordaunt.

"You hear!" he said, for the crowd, with white, wolfish faces, still threatened. "William's right! Leave him to the law! It will avenge poor Lucy!"

The crowd groaned, sullenly.

"Let's bury him with her!" said one, in a hoarse whisper; but Mordaunt heard, and a scream of agony rose from his white lips. They saw him turn over, writhingly, and thrust his hand in his breast; then a sharp report rang out, and a tongue of flame shot forth, and, with another shriek, he rolled over on his face.

There was an intense silence for an instant—a silence that seemed more hideous than the din which had preceded it.

Gerald sprang aside; then bent over the prostrate figure. The crowd gathered round, and one of the coastguards knelt and placed his hand on Mordaunt's heart.

"He's dead!" he said, solemnly. "He's shot himself!"

The line of white faces and staring eyes, above which the moonlight fell placidly, started back, and a cry of disappointment rose.

"Curse him—he's done us, after all!" said a voice. "He's give us the slip!"

Gerald held up his hand.

"No!" he said, solemnly. "He stands before the Great Judge, my men, and He will do justice!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE scene at the double inquest was a terrible one. Women wept and shrieked, and men groaned and clenched their hands tightly as Jenks told his story.

It all seemed so clear now, and they were amazed that their suspicions had never been directed towards Mordaunt.

Many of them remembered having seen him and Lucy together, but his duplicity had been so fiendishly perfect that he had deceived them all.

The jury wanted to bring in a verdict of murder against Mordaunt, and consign him to a suicide's grave; and it was with difficulty that the coroner could persuade the twelve stern, white-faced men to return the usual verdict.

The only unmoved person in the court was Jenks. He gave his evidence in his usual stolid fashion, every now and then fingering, and looking down at his empty pipe; and he was not even surprised when the coroner had him arrested as an accessory after the fact.

It may be added in parenthesis that he was equally unmoved when, later on, the judge sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude for his passive share in Mordaunt's dastardly crime.

When the painful scene was over, and Gerald made his way from the stuffy room in which the inquest had been held, surrounded by a crowd eager now to congratulate and make a hero of him, he became suddenly faint and queer.

Gerald was an exceedingly strong man, as we know, but he had gone through a great deal lately, and the scene of the inquest following upon the still more terrible one on the sands—where, by the way, he had been knocked about—had, in common parlance, got upon his nerves.

He got away from the crowd at last, and went home feeling sick and, to his surprise, was actually sick.

Mr. Harling and Claire, coming in search of him, found him white and shaking, and in a state of collapse, and though Gerald tried to make light of his condition, Mr. Harling insisted upon his going to bed and sending for the doctor.

"It's all nonsense!" said Gerald. "I'm just a little upset, and shall be all right presently. I want to go back to the Court with you and Claire; I don't want to go to bed."

But, of course, he had to go, and the doctor, when he came, blandly but firmly insisted upon his remaining there.

Claire, of course, wanted to stay and nurse him; but Gerald would not hear of this, and a woman volunteered to act in that capacity—strange to say, the woman who had been most violent against him when he first came back to Regna, and had been surrounded by an accusing mob; but Claire spent a great deal of the day beside him, holding his hand in that silence which, to persons in their happy condition, speaks so much and so sweetly.

Perhaps Gerald's sudden illness was a blessing in disguise, for it kept all his friends from dwelling upon the terrible events of the past few days.

The whole place was in excitement, not only only on account of the murder, but over the return of Miss Sartoris, and the destruction of the cunning plot by which the Sapleys had sought to obtain Court Regna and the estates.

Old Sapley was mercifully unconscious of his son's crime and its dramatic punishment, and would remain ignorant to the end of his life.

The doctors pronounced him incurably insane, and he had been removed to a private asylum where, surrounded by comfort, he spent the time in going over imaginary accounts and informing the doctors and nurses, and anyone who would listen to him, that he was the master of Court Regna, and that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, who was the Member for the County, was his son.

Claire and Mr. Harling went, at Claire's request, to see him. The visit was a painful one to them, but not to him, for he had no recollection of them, and told them the story of his triumph with imbecile chuckles and gloating enjoyment.

"My son's a clever man," he said. "There's no knowing what he'll rise to; he's in the House, you know, and they'll be sure to give him office. He'll be in the Cabinet some day, and he'll marry a noblewoman.

"Shouldn't be surprised if they made him a peer. He'll be Lord Sapley; no, that ain't good enough! Why shouldn't he take the old title, the title that went with the place that's his now? Yes, he shall be Earl Wharton—Lord Wharton of Court Regna!"

Claire went away weeping, for the sight of the old man in his triumph wiped out any feeling of resentiment she might have harbored against the man who had caused her and Gerald so much unhappiness.

One afternoon, Gerald, waking from an uneasy sleep, saw a dark-robed figure sitting beside the bed. It reminded him of Sister Agnes; but he thought he must be dreaming, and he stretched out his hand and laid it on her arm.

It was Sister Agnes, and she turned her pale, sad face on him with a gentle smile.

"You are awake," she said, in her soft, placid voice.

"I suppose," he assented, rather doubtfully. "But is it really you, Sister?"

"Yes, it is I."

"That's funny," he said. "I've thought of you a great deal," and I dreamt of you last night. Why did you come?"

"Because you had need of me," she said.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"Claire wrote and told me you were ill. Something bade me—I felt that I must come."

"It's very good of you!" he said, "and I am very glad. Are you going to stay?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes," he replied. "I have sent the woman away. I am going to nurse you."

"You won't have to nurse me very long," he said. "I'm quite well; only a little shaky about the pins, and I'm longing to get up."

"You shall get up when you're well enough," she said.

"Ah!" he said. "I see by the tone that I've got a real nurse now. There no one so tyrannical and overbearing; but, don't you think I'm a poor and unprotected male; there's Claire, she'll take my part. I suppose she has told you that I'm her sweetheart, and that we're going to be married?"

"Yes; she has told me," said Sister Agnes, gently forcing him to lie down again, for in his eagerness he had got up on his elbow, "and I am very glad. You will have the sweetest wife—the best and truest woman——"

"Now, that's unfair!" said Gerald. "You're speaking my part. Sister, there isn't another woman like her in the wide world, and if you'll kindly help me to get out of this foolish bed and marry her out of hand, I shall owe you a lifelong debt of gratitude!"

As he spoke, Claire entered, and exclaimed with joy and astonishment at the sight of the black-robed figure standing beside him.

"Sister Agnes!" she cried.

And the Sister's arms were round her in a loving embrace, and they were so engrossed in the joy of their meeting that they almost seemed to forget Gerald until he reminded them of his unworthy existence by remarking confidentially to the ceiling—

"I don't appear to be on in this scene."

Then Claire turned to him, and with a blushing "May I?" to the Sister, knelt and kissed him.

"I wanted you to come," she said to Sister Agnes; "but you did not say so in my letter. Gerald was coming up to fetch you. I have so much to tell you, and I want to hear all about the school."

Sister Agnes smiled.

"I am loaded with messages," she said. "Tiny and all your class send their love. Miss Gover does not send hers," and she smiled again with the first touch of archness in her face that Claire had seen.

"She says that if you do not return within four days she will report you to the Board, who will, doubtless, proceed against you for breach of contract.

"She says that if it's true you have recovered your wealth, that it's one of the most unfortunate things she has ever heard of; because you would have made a first-rate teacher, and in time must have risen to the position of head mistress, which, Miss Gover says, is one of the proudest on earth."

"As she will find," said Claire, "when she becomes head mistress of Court Regna schools, with the schools rebuilt, and the prettiest of school houses, planned by Gerald Wayre, Esq., architect, made ready for her."

"Isn't she an angel?" demanded Gerald of Sister Agnes.

"Miss Gover?" said Claire. "Have you only just found that out? Ah! I forgot; you do not know her! But you will indeed say so when you make her acquaintance. An angel with the sharpest little eyes and the sternest little voice, and the tenderest big heart that ever beat in a woman's bosom!"

"In-deed!" remarked Gerald. "I was thinking of another angel!"

"Meaning me?" said Claire, with delicious frankness. "I'm not a bit of an angel; you both know that. I'm only a commonplace young person, dominated by one idea. Yes, a one-idea person, and Miss Gover says there is nothing more contemptible!"

"I think I rather like contemptible people then," said Gerald. "And may one ask what that idea is?"

Claire grew rosy-red and shook her head.

"Not before Sister Agnes," she said.

And Sister Agnes, who might have been expected to chide their levity, sat and regarded them with a tender smile upon her placid lips, and a deep light of protecting love in her grey eyes.

"You must make him quite well soon, Sister!" said Claire, "and bring him to the Court. Mr. Harling and Grace—who, you know, are with me—and I can do nothing until he comes; and there is so much to be done!"

"To the Court?" said Sister Agnes, in a low voice, the smile fading from her face. She bent her head under the concealing veil; then she looked up steadily and said, "Very well; I will bring him. Go now, my child," and she glanced at Gerald's flushed face.

Gerald recovered his strength very quickly under Sister Agnes's care. After the first day, one might almost say, after the first few minutes, he accepted her devotion, for it was no less, as a matter of course.

"Bravo!" he shouted.

"But you must be quiet," she said, tenderly. "It is all arranged. A carriage will be at the top of the steps in a quarter of an hour. You can walk thus far?"

"I could walk fifty miles, if Claire were at the end of them," he said, joyously, and he would not let her help him to put on his overcoat. "I am going to escape from your clutches from to-day!" he said.

It was only an affectation of triumph, and he did not mean it, for his heart was full of gratitude; but she shrank a little, looking up at him piteously, and he was aghast at the effect of his bantering speech.

"Why, I didn't mean it," he said. "You know I didn't! If you could look into my heart you would see how grateful, how ——" He put both hands upon her shoulders reverently.

This way of taking it surprised him himself, but without any volition on his part he had grown to regard her as if she belonged to him, as if he had some special property in her.

He could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight, and when he was strong enough to get up he leaned upon her, not as a man leans upon a nurse, but as a husband leans upon a wife, a son upon his mother.

Once or twice, in fact, he addressed her as "mother," as he had done on his first meeting with her; and, as then, she trembled at the word, and her eyes grew moist.

Sitting together by the fire, he gradually told her in full the story of his life. It was a wonderful story, and she listened with a sympathy of which he was conscious, though she seldom said a word, contenting himself with now and then laying her thin and wasted hand on his strong one.

But of herself and her own life's story she said nothing, and Gerald revered her too much to ask a word, though he often regarded her with a silent and almost painful curiosity.

One day, after he had been chafing a his enforced inaction and imprisonment, she said quietly, but with a little shake in her voice—

"You are well enough to go to Court to-day, my son."

"I know," she said. "It was foolish of me. Perhaps I can look into your heart, my son. Lean on me as you go up the steps—though you may not need to."

As they climbed up the quaint and unique village street, the people came out and thronged round them to greet Gerald with affectionate congratulations, and the Sister with respect and gratitude.

No one looking at the people, as they stood round bareheaded, and smiling, would have recognized in them the furious, bloodthirsty mob which a few nights before had threatened to tear Mordaunt Sapley limb from limb.

But this is the way with Regna folk; they are as gentle as lambs, and as responsive to affection as women; but, rouse their wrath and indignation, and the men become tigers, and the women furies.

Claire and Grace were waiting in the carriage, and it is difficult to say which of the girls, in their respective ways, made more fuss over Gerald and his nurse.

As they drove to the Court along the cliff road, down which Claire had ridden on her way to the chapel that morning long ago, and through the lanes now bare of leaves, but still beautiful with the promise of another Spring, and up the wide avenue, with its lines of towering elms; Sister Agnes was very silent.

She leant back with her arms folded across her bosom, her face concealed behind the veil, so that the others could not see that her lips were moving in that silent prayer which reaches Heaven more quickly than any flood of eloquence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING BACK.

BY M. S.

Backwards I go in the twilight gloom,
And my work unheeded lies,
While shadows lurk in my lonely room
As the firelight flames and dies—
Back from the wintry frost and rime,
From my daily toil and care,
With a smile and sigh o'er the sands of time,
Away to the days that were.

Away to the springs of the long-ago,
Away to a sunlit land
Where pain was a word and a fable woe,
Where I laughed and dreamed and planned—
Away to the long and the cloudless days,
Away to the fragrant sod,
Away to the thornless flowery ways
That my joyous footsteps trod—

Backward I go in the fading light
From the Present far away,
Till my soul grows strong and mine eyes grow bright,
And my heart once more is gay.
Remembrance brightens the dreary gloom
And banishes woe and care,
When she leads me far from my lonely room
Away to the days that were!

"My Jo."

BY D. B. H.

"WELL, Sophia, and what is your opinion?"

"My opinion?" answered Miss Sophia Farfield, stirring her tea vigorously. "Well, that when a man goes away to make his fortune and doesn't do it, he has no right to come back and disgrace his relations who have got on in the world, with his poverty."

The scene was a family conclave held in the drawing-room of Mrs. Thomas Farfield, to discuss afternoon tea and the situation.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farfield, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy, Miss Sophia Farfield, of uncertain age, but decided character; Mrs. John Farfield, a widow, a mild, meek lady, starving on a small annuity; and her son Fred, a banker's clerk, with decided opinions, and the unwise habit of uttering them, to his mother's consternation. At this moment, he exclaimed:

"I reckon, Aunt Soph, that if Uncle Peter were coming home with his pocket full of money, our reception of him would be different."

"Naturally, naturally, Fred," put in Uncle Sandy, a little bald-headed man. "We don't count to be better than the world in general. Money is money, hard to obtain, so each wants all he is able to get for himself."

"This being a Christian land, and we Christian people, given, however, to the worship of Mammon."

"Come, come, Fred," ejaculated Mr. Thomas Fairfield. "We all know your Radical ideas. Boys of your age catch 'em like the small-pox. When they know the world they change pretty quick."

Fred laughed shortly, and drew his brown, thick hair off his forehead.

Miss Sophia took the word.

"Brother Peter, by his own confession, is just coming home as poor as he went away. Poorer, for he is twenty five years older. If he couldn't keep himself before, how is he likely to succeed now? It will be borrowing here, borrowing there, to keep body and soul together."

"He was always a useless fellow," remarked Mrs. Sandy, whose husband was a retired butterman. "Ready to go through the world reading and dreaming, if others would keep him."

"So," again put in Fred, heedless of a beseeching glance from his mother's pretty eyes, "thinking he could succeed better in that line in the Colonies, you sent him there and got rid of him."

"Exactly," said Mr. Fairfield, pompously. "It was the best thing we could do, to throw him on his own hands where there was no one whom he could sponge on."

"Oh, Tom! Peter never did that," meekly arose Mrs. John's voice. "John used to say he was nobody's enemy but his own. Intellectually, he was the superior of all of us."

"Thank you, Mrs. John——"

"I am repeating my husband's words, Tom," hurriedly. "While his delicate health made him unfit to work as others, manually. If only he could have reached a higher groove——"

"Stuff and nonsense, Jane," cried Miss Sophia. "If intellect makes a man a pauper, I'd rather be a fool. But we are getting from the subject. Wise or a dunce, he's coming home a beggar, using his own words, 'To die among his own people.'"

"And be buried by them," facetiously put in Mr. Sandy, chuckling at his little joke.

"It would be the first expense, but the last," said Mrs. Sandy, scooping the cake crumbs from her lap with her hand. "I shouldn't go into mourning, for one."

"There's Susan's knock," as one sounded at the outer door; "let us hear what she says."

A moment after there entered a little, fussy, dark haired woman of about fifty, with a kind of elfish expression and laugh.

"It's all a mistake—all a mistake!" she cried, excitedly, "I am so glad I discovered it in time. A friend of mine knows a friend who has a relation on board the boat, or in the same colony as Peter, I don't know which, and it's all a mistake!"

"Good gracious alive! Susan," cried Miss Sophia, "do speak sense. What's a mistake?"

"About Peter. That letter is a trick to test our affection—how we will receive him. He's as rich as a Jew."

"No!" came from every mouth but Mrs. John's and Fred's.

"Yes. I don't know particulars for certain, but that's what I've heard."

There was a confusing pause, then uncle Sandy said:

"Humph! I didn't believe it was in Peter to strike lie."

"These dreamy ones do wake up at times," added Mr. Thomas Farfield.

"If it's so," ejaculated Miss Sophia, "he owes it all to us for sending him abroad to rely on his own resources. I hope he'll be grateful."

"I hope he'll make a will before he lays his bones among us, and we bury him," remarked Fred, very sedately.

"Well, of course, if what you have heard is correct, Susan," said Mr. Tom, "it alters matters considerably. I don't want none of his money, not I; still, we may be brotherly. He can have the spare room of ours until he can look about him."

"As to that matter, Tom, we have a spare room, too, and, praise the Lord, no children to worry. He would be far comfortabler with us."

"That's a matter of opinion," ejaculated her sister-in-law, Mrs. Tom. "At least, Tom being the eldest son, Peter would, of course, make his home here."

Fred burst into a fit of laughter.

"You were for burying the poor man a moment ago," he cried, "and now you're pulling caps for him. Well——"

He paused.

The door had opened, and the trim servant had announced:

"Mr. Peter Farfield."

A gasp ran through the community, as every eye was turned upon the newcomer.

A tall, elderly man, thin, with the stoop of a delicate constitution, a pale, well-looking face, with kindly smile and dreamy eyes.

His attire was serviceable but plain, giving no idea of influence.

Behind him came a young girl of about nineteen, in a gray tailor-made dress, pretty of feature, with dark eyes and small lips.

Smiling, Peter looked around.

"Why, this is pleasanter fortune than I could have expected," he exclaimed. "So many here—Jane—Tom—Susan—Sophia, and Maria—to give me a welcome home. Will you give me that? though I return as the bad penny—no better than I went."

They had all risen quickly, but paused. His clothes, his appearance altogether were not those of a man's who had "struck lie." The question was—was he testing them? A voice aroused them, it was Fred's.

"How are you, Uncle Peter?" advancing with extended hand. "Yes, welcome home by all means. I wish the world had used you better."

"So do I," laughed Peter. "I made a pile once, then was foolish enough to speculate and lose it. Being too old to work again to make another, I've come home. But—who are you?"

"Your brother John's son," laughed Fred, gaily. "I had forgotten. I do not fancy I had grown to the grandeur of knickerbockers before you left. Well, Uncle Tom, let me make room for you?"

They all shook hands, but it was a doubtful, flaby shake, while Miss Sophia remarked it was a pity he hadn't taken better care of his money when he had got it.

"Stay," said Uncle Peter, pleasantly. "Of what am I thinking. My daughter Sylvia."

"Your daughter!" the ejaculation was almost general.

"You knew I had married, surely?"

"We know nothing of the kind," exclaimed Mr. Thomas Farfield, in a tone of injury. "Your communications were not so frequent."

"No. My letters were never answered," quietly. "A correspondence soon fails through when kept up only on one side. I married, but shortly became a widower, but was not left alone. This is my daughter Sylvia."

They greeted her with a fishy coldness, all but Mrs. John, who said:

"I am pleased to see you, my dear."

And Fred, who shook her hand warmly, declaring his delight at having another cousin.

"And now, Peter," asked Mr. Thomas Farfield, taking the bull by the horns, "since you have come back as penniless as you went, with the addition of another to keep, whatever do you purpose doing?"

Uncle Peter glanced at him and the others, a pain in his eyes, an opportunity Miss Sophia seized to say:

"If you've still to work for your living, Peter, I should have thought there were more chances in the Colonies, when you would not have wasted your passage money."

"When a man is getting old his thoughts turn naturally to his own land and his relations——"

"Not, I trust, with the idea his relations can support him?" put in Mr. Thomas. "By Jove! In this country its hard enough to support one's own family. And really I think we have done more than our share in helping you in the past."

Again the quick glance of uncle Peter went round, while a flush rose to Sylvia's cheek, a flash shone in her eyes. Fred was indignantly biting his lips, and holding himself in.

"My father wants no relation to support him!" exclaimed the girl, haughtily, laying her hand kindly upon uncle Peter's sleeve. "He did not return for that. As to your generous remark of his having another to keep, do you forget that I may be an assistance, not a burthen? I am ashamed of you, sir, so to welcome a brother after these long years. It would not have been so bad he returned rich——"

"My dear, my dear!" expostulated uncle Peter.

"Holty-toity!" cried Miss Sophia. "If that's Colonial manners give me England."

"I reply, madam, if these are the old country's manners, give us the Colonies," retorted Sylvia, rising. "Come, daddie. You prophesied how it would be, and you were right."

"My darling, do not be hasty; but I am coming."

"Peter" (it was Mrs. John, who was speaking, her voice trembling with indignation and nervousness), "don't judge us all alike. It shall never be said my husband's brother came home to such a welcome, and with no roof to receive him. Ours, Peter, is only a humble one, but it is yours and Sylvia's home until you can provide one of your own."

"When will that be?
Said the bell of Stepney!"

cried Mrs. Susan, with her shrill, elfish laugh.

"Then we'll all pull on together under the same," ejaculated Fred. "Come, Uncle Peter."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks," said the old man, while Sylvia's eyes beamed with gratitude; "but no—that is, not yet. At present we have to see to many things; but give us your address that we may home and visit you."

"There it is, uncle Peter," said Fred, writing it. "We can't afford cards—mother nor I."

Receiving it, the new arrivals bade them good day for the present, and, without a glance at the others, quitted the room. Fred followed, which was not perceived, as the rest were all falling tooth and nail upon Mrs. John.

"I never have asked you for a shilling," said the poor lady, trembling with anger, "nor ever will. I have kept a right to be independent, and the girl was right. I, too, am ashamed of you all. Could you not have waited one day before you began upon him?"

"Instead of standing there talking in that fashion, you poor, stupid thing!" ejaculated Miss Sophia, "you had better look after your son. He's followed them. The next thing he'll fall in love with that girl, and ruin himself by a pauper marriage."

"Let him," ejaculated Mrs. John, fastening her bonnet strings. "She is a sweet, good girl. Anyone might see that. I should be proud of her for a daughter—there!"

And, with another pull at her bonnet, Mrs. John vanished.

The prediction was speedily verified. Fred fell head over ears in love with Sylvia, and Mrs. John approved his choice.

"Where there is true love," she remarked to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sandy, who kept on friendly terms that she might learn and report what was going on, "money is of secondary consideration, as it will make a man work and bring out all the healthy good in him if he have any."

"Humph! I thank the Lord again I have no children," said Mrs. Sandy. "There's a lot of enjoyment in the world children rob you of. They say Peter and his daughter are living in quite a poor street."

"Yes, in Camberwell. And Sylvia makes her own dresses, and beautifully she does them" (in parenthesis), "and does her own cooking, and beautifully she does that, too."

"I never! When poverty mates with poverty the issue is ruin," sniffing. "Surely Fred would do better to wait."

"You have no children, Maria, as you say, so scarcely understand them," quietly; "but you are going much further in advance than he. He has not proposed, nor, consequently, is yet accepted."

But Fred was most certainly only waiting the first opportunity, and it came.

Between Mrs. John's modest dwelling in Dulwich and the poor apartments in Camberwell there was constant intercourse. Camberwell was always visiting Dulwich and vice versa, on which occasions they seemed the happiest of quartettes.

One evening Dulwich was coming to sup at Camberwell, and Sylvia, in a bib apron, was busy grilling chops, while Uncle Peter read the paper.

"My dear Sylvia," he exclaimed, evidently continuing a former protest, "I can't permit it! You shouldn't you know. Your pretty face is quite scorched."

"If pretty faces were only meant to be kept in wool," she laughed, "they had as well not have been born. There, you go on, daddie; leave me alone. 'Hear all Sides' is the column I like. Read that."

There was more frizzling, then came steps on the stairs, and there entered Fred, with Mrs. John in tow.

"Here we are, uncle Peter," heartily. "Not late, I hope? What a delicious aroma! Chops! Well, I never! If I haven't brought some true English tomatoes. The very thing. Chops and tomato sauce! Bardell v. Pickwick, you know. I say, Sylvia, what a capital cook you are."

The hour was but eight, but they supped early, and soon the knives and forks were clattering, the voices blending cheerily.

"Do you know," remarked Fred, sagely, "I don't believe in money giving happiness; who could be happier than we?"

"Who, indeed?" said Sylvia, her eyes laughing back at his.

When the supper was cleared away, Sylvia exclaimed:

"Oh, daddie! this is Saturday night, and I have forgotten all about Sunday's dinner. I must go and fetch it."

Of course Fred accompanied her. When the marketing was ended, they went into a pretty road of private houses to enjoy the moon, and the quiet, and then Fred spoke.

Would she marry him? He hadn't much to offer, but he would work night and day to make it more. They could all live together then, and he would work for dear uncle Peter too.

After that, breathlessly, he paused; and Sylvia, slipping her arm closer under his, answered:

"Do you know what I am going to say? I think so. I am going to say 'yes,' dear. I love you very much."

Then—well, no need to say more after that.

When uncle Peter heard, he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven!—Heaven bless you both!"

"My dear, dear daughter that is to be," cried Mrs. John, clasping the girl in her arms.

In due course the Farfield family were informed of the coming marriage, and specially asked to it. A council was immediately called. What should they do?

"I don't see why we shouldn't go, if only to see what it's like," said Miss Sophia, who loved weddings. "I can't say they've bothered us at all; so where's our ground for refusal? Fred, you see, has just had a rise. He may get on."

Mrs. Thomas held out a little longer because Miss Sophia yielded, but being of equal curiosity, it was finally arranged they would go.

"There's only one thing," said Mrs. Sandy. "It means wedding presents."

"It had best be something useful, then it's not expensive," wisely suggested Mrs. Sandy. "I saw a pretty tea service for a guinea at Pearce's, Ludgate Hill, the other day."

"How about dress? It won't need much."

"For them, no; but we must attire ourselves, Mrs. Tom, according to our station."

They were to meet at the church, carriages were to be sent for them.

"Did you ever hear!" cried aunt Maria. These people always run into debt for a fine wedding as they do for a funeral, aping their betters."

Their indignation was augmented when, standing about the altar, they saw Sylvia in a shimmer of white lace, orange blossoms, and silk, come up the aisle on Fred's arm, and Mrs. John, in a pretty confection of gray, and a white bonnet, following on Peter's arm.

"Wherever did you get your dress?" whispered Miss Sophia.

"It was a present. I'm as surprised as you, dear. I'm bewildered. Hush!"

The marriage was over, the book signed. Fred aglow with joy led his wife to the carriage, and together they drove off. Then the other carriage were filled and trotted after.

"What is the meaning of all this absurd expense?" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Farfield. "I wish we had not come. It's countenancing extravagance, and running into debt!"

"And all to go to a first-floor in a poor street in Camberwell. Oh—oh—oh!" laughed Susan.

"I shall get out," said Mr. Thomas.

"No, no, dear; let us see it through," urged his wife.

On, on through fine suburban roads, then a halt before a large, handsome house, where the pastry-cook's men were ready to open the doors and usher the guests through a spacious hall into a large, elegantly-furnished drawing-room, where were the bride and bridegroom—Mrs. John and uncle Peter.

"Peter!" almost gasped Mr. Thomas Farfield: "I don't understand this kind of thing, sir. Whose house is this?"

"Your nephew's—Fred's."

"Mine?" cried Fred; while Miss Sophia ejaculated:

"Don't tell lies, Peter!"

"It is no lie. It is his by right of his wife."

"Then it was a trick? You're rich?"

"I am, I may say," replied uncle Peter, "as poor as a church mouse. Listen. If there has been any deception it has grown out of your own behavior. None was intended at first.

"I should have told you on the day of our arrival what I am going to tell you now if you had given me time. I did marry—a widow—and the mistress of a large fortune. She had a daughter," he waved his hand towards Silvia.

"My step-daughter. I had just struck my lie then—not much—and I insisted, before we were married, that every penny should be signed to her daughter, to be shared with my children, should we have any.

"We had not. Therefore, on my wife's death, Sylvia inherited the fortune. Soon after I lost mine, since when I have been a pauper upon her bounty."

"Daddie, dear daddie, no pauper, but my darling daddie," said Sylvia, throwing her arms about his neck.

Then, turning, she continued, "Friends, in my husband's name, I invite you to our wedding feast, and say let the past be forgotten as far as it can be. At least, let us forget it this day, the happiest in my life, as," smiling, and extending her hand to her husband, "I know it is that of My Jo."

A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

"Take it from me, there' nothing that can't be 'faked,'" said an expert at dog-abducting. "You can alter horses, donkeys, pigeons, dogs, anything. I'll tell you what I've known done: I've known a skinny-ribbed donkey—he was that thin you could hang your hat on some of his bones—filled up and made middling fat in a couple o' days, so that his owner should not know him. Oh, never mind how. I wouldn't do it. The fellow that did it got a month. Serve him right, too.

"But you can 'fake' dogs without hurting 'em. Two fellows got rowing one night about their dogs, both runners they was.

"They went on from one thing to another till at last they agreed to have a match for $100 a side.

"Well, one of them borrowed a crack dog about the size of his, but not marked the same. It was all black; his had white spots.

"So he came to me, and I 'faked' it up beautiful—painted it; and when it had been dirtied down a bit you couldn't tell but what it had been born like it—at a distance, of course.

"Romped home an easy winner he did, and nobody found it out. You see, the dog's covered up till the last minute. None of the other side must touch it, so that there can't be anything said about 'dosing' it, and there you are.

"I've 'faked' a greyhound or two before to-day; and as for rabbit dogs, why they're often done. I went up to —— Grounds one afternoon to see 'em running off a big sweep.

"Just as a pair o' dogs was being got ready, a fellow close to the rails gives a whistle. One of the dogs cocks his ears up directly. Another whistle. He tears to get away. Over the fellow comes."

"What's the game?" says he. "What's this dog doing here?"

"It's mine."

"No, it isn't," he says. "This is So-and-So's Prince. Hey, Prince! Prince!"

"And so it was. Well, there was a row. Some of 'em went off with swelled heads. This fellow, it turned out, had owned Prince himself.

"But he must have got wind of the 'fake;' he'd never have found it out if he hadn't.

"More ways than one? Rather! Suppose I take a man's dog and don't want him to know it again. Well, cut a bit off his tail, touch it with caustic, and that's all right.

"If he's got good ears, slit 'em or take a piece out, or you can trim 'em up till they look quite different. A good deal, though, depends on the kind of dog. Some are surprising different, when they've been used to high living, after they've been on low, very low, diet for a few days.

"Then caustic is used. Once I picked up a fine dog with liver-colored spots—at least, that's what I thought they was at first. But when I came to look at 'em, I found he'd been 'faked'—they'd been done by caustic.

"He'd been through somebody's hands before I got hold of him. However, I kept him a bit, and the spots gradually died away, leaving him nearly all white.

"What did I do then but send him to somebody I know, thinking he could sell him. Bless you, he knew him directly, and he got twenty-five dollars off his owner for him. The dog had been missing for months, and he was glad to get him back. I often wondered what sort of a round he had.

"There was a fellow up at ——'s lodging-house who 'faked' dogs with fast colors; dyed 'em or something—that was his 'game' (occupation). After he'd done with 'em their own mother wouldn't have known 'em, they was that altered. It was a treat to see how he could 'fake' the markings of a fox terrier.

"One day he got hold of the deputy's cat for a lark. What he did with it, I don't know; but he made his ginger coat as black as coal, and as glossy as varnish.

"After he'd done, he put Tom down softly outside the deputy's door. In he goes 'S-s-s-h!'

"Bang comes a knife at him. Poor old Tom! His owner thought he was a strange cat having a prowl round.

"Ah! how did he do it? That's what I want to know, and it's just what he'd never tell you.

"I tried to get it out of him many a time—he knew a lot more about the 'game' than I do—but he always said he would keep it to himself, and he never broke his word that I know of."

TOAD LORE.

Are toads poisonous? This is a question which has caused much shedding of ink. The popular idea has always been that they are poisonous; but, on the other hand, this has often been denounced as a vulgar error.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, who was fond of the creatures, and even started in his garden a place of abode and refuge for them, which he called a "toadery," declared that they were quite harmless, and indeed useful.

"They are even capable," he says, "of the knowledge of our attention and humanity. It is wanton cruelty to destroy them."

Goldsmith, in his Animated Nature, takes up the cudgels still more emphatically on behalf of the maligned toad. He declares that the stories of its possessing poison, and being able to eject its venom; are all fables, and roundly asserts that "it is a harmless, defenceless creature, torpid and unvenomous, and seeking the darkest retreats, not from the malignity of its nature, but the multitudes of its enemies."

But notwithstanding these and other defences of the toad, there is really no doubt that popular prejudice is on the whole justified; for the toad does possess poison or venom, which, when it likes, it can eject, with very painful and sometimes fatal consequences to the animal or person upon whom it alights.

The secretion, no doubt, helps to protect the toad from many of its natural enemies—birds, lizards, and so forth, but not from all; both hedgegogs and snakes devour toads with impunity.

A hog will always refuse to take a toad into its mouth, because the secretion from the creature's glands burns its mouth and lips.

If the venom be injected beneath the skin of a dog, it will cause great local inflammation, with repeated vomiting and convulsions, which sometimes end in death.

The toadstone was greatly valued of old as a bringer of good luck, and as a precious charm or amulet against a great variety of diseases. It was frequently set in valuable rings, which were handed down from one owner to another as precious heirlooms

Some toadstones are said to have borne a figure resembling a toad on their surface. They varied in color; some were dark gray, others of a brownish fawn color.

These stones were supposed to grow only in very old toads, and to be extracted as the animal was dying, although an old writer declares that the toad voided the stone when placed on a red cloth. In reality, this precious charm was made of borax and a variety of other materials.

The virtues of the stone were shared by the toad, for the creature itself was considered of great medicinal efficacy in a variety of ways.

It was applied both internally and externally. Powdered toad was an excellent remedy for the plague and for small-pox.

There is a mysterious connection between toads and warts. They say that one who kills a toad will have as many warts as the victim has spots.

Toads are used for the cure of warts by boys, who operate by rubbing the troublesome excrescences against one of the unfortunate reptiles impaled on a sharp stick.

Live toads, or their limbs, confined in a bag worn round the neck, as described by Sir Kenelm Digby, were good for quinsy, would stop bleeding at the nose, and, above all, were a most valuable remedy for king's evil or scrofula.

A belief in the efficacy of live toads in cases of scrofula is still widely held in the west of England.

These "toad doctors" used to travel about the country dispensing these abominable and cruelly obtained remedies to the credulous sufferers from "king's evil."

Seven shillings was a common price asked for a bag containing one of these limbs, a price that must have been very profitable to the "doctor."

There are many stories told of toads having been found alive at great depths in the earth, enclosed in blocks of coal, or in the solid stone, where, according to some legends, they must have remained without light or air for countless ages.

But although many of these stories are somewhat mythical, it is an undoubted fact that the toad can sustain life for considerable periods without access to air.

Experiments have been made with toads by enclosing them in boxes which, again, were encased in thick mortar or other material which effectually excluded all air; and, after many months, when the mortar has been broken away, and the boxes opened, the toads have been found within, still alive, and apparently little the worse for their prolonged incarceration.

EACH MAN'S INDEBTEDNESS.—Every man who knows more or thinks more deeply than another man with whom he comes into contact owes him a debt by virtue of that very fact.

Of course he needs patience, forbearance, and tact. He must not attempt the impossible, or expect any large returns for small outlays, but be content to sow good seed as he finds opportunity, in conversation, in sympathy, in aid, in valuable hints, in lending or recommending books, sometimes, when it is welcome, in definite instruction.

If he be of a generous and sympathetic nature, he will soon find out what interests another, and, taking that as a basis, can often lead his mind to clearer and stronger thought and more accurate judgment.

Scientific and Useful.

HORSES' FEET.—To lessen the shock of horses' feet on asphalt pavement some genius proposes a pneumatic shoe, a layer of rubber between the iron and the hoof.

ANTISEPTIC.—It is now claimed that foods stored in an atmosphere of carbonic-acid gas are preserved indefinitely, the freshness and flavor being retained better than by the use of dangerous antiseptics or of ice.

STEAM.—Steam is an extinguisher of flame, and, if turned into a drying-kiln on fire, will extinguish the flame, and finally extinguish the ignited wood, if kept on sufficiently long and the kiln be thoroughly saturated with steam.

ELECTRIC POULTICE.—An electric pad containing asbestos and kept warm with an ordinary current has been invented. It is useful to relieve chilliness, cold feet, cramps, local pains, etc. It is given the effect of moist heat or poultice by covering with wet flannel. By its use the great risk and discomfort of frequent changes of temperature incident to the renewal of old style poultices are entirely avoided.

SELF MOVING TRICYCLE.—A new tandem tricycle is self-moving. It contains a comfortable seat for a lady and a back seat for a gentleman, who steers. The power is derived from a small petroleum motor, of the kind used in horseless carriages. It gives 2½ horse power, and the tricycle runs at several different speeds varying from five to thirty miles an hour. The vehicle only weighs 400 lb., with a supply of petroleum sufficient for a journey of seventy-two miles.

ELECTRIC BELLS.—Sensitive persons who are annoyed by the sharp, incisive sound of the electric bell, will be glad to know that a French electrician has produced a bell which gives a continuous musical sound. The note is very soft and sweet, although penetrating, and is said to be an exaggeration of that obtained by rubbing the edge of a glass with the finger. Instead of a bell with a hammer and a spring interrupter, a steel bell is used, which is its own interrupter.

Farm and Garden.

PROFIT.—One quart of milk additional to the daily quantity yielded may be a turning point between profit and loss. The larger the yield the lower the cost of each quart.

CROPS.—There are hundreds of crops now growing on two acres, which should have been seeded on one acre only. Poor crops are sometimes due to the attempt to spread the manure over a wide surface, causing a loss on two acres instead of a profit on one, because less plant food and more labor had to be given the crop that was grown on a larger area than was required.

PLANTS.—An interesting discovery has been made by a California botanist, that sea weeds can propagate themselves from an older plant, as in the case with flowering plants. He finds that in many other respects they have characters in common with the higher orders of vegetation that they have not heretofore been known to possess. Some have rhizomes, creeping in the mud, from which fronds are thrown up, as in the manner of some ferns.

PLASTER.—Land plaster is very valuable on all our soils when used in connection with clover. It is not itself a fertiliser but it takes up the ammonia, and holds it in the soil as a plant food. Chemists tells us that all vegetable matter while decaying generates ammonia, and as that evaporates at 80 degrees, it goes back again into the soil by being condensed with moisture, then the land plaster takes it up and holds it for the soil.

CORN.—For every pound of dry matter of corn it is essential that 500 pounds of water will be necessary. The plants evaporate large quantities during the day, and it takes this large amount of water from the soil as a solvent of the soil materials, which enter into their composition. Without this water the plants cannot procure their food. The farmer should therefore throw a cover over the ground so as to save the moisture. This is done by keeping the top soil loose with a cultivator as it then becomes a mulch or covering to the soil.

PLEURISY PAINS, Asthmatic and all Throat affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Boasting.

Many questions arise with the picture of the boastful man. Are boasters generally unpopular? Is boasting a trivial or a serious offence? Ought we to regard it sternly or with clemency? Is the big talker generally a little doer, according to the proverb? Are many of us boasters? Is boasting, as a rule, bold or cunning, determined or unconscious? How is it marked off from allowable self-appraisement? Who are the people who feel most "put out" by the boaster?

Clearly the boaster is a very questionable character, around whom suspicious queries may be plentifully piled. We are not prepared to give the boaster quarter, except in the very rare cases in which his exaggerations are allied with a sense of humor, and amuse and are partly intended to amuse; for the rest, he is, we contend, usually a man with an inherent unsoundness of character, and is almost certainly an offence, at least, to good taste.

There are people who regard boasting as a very innocent form of enjoyment—they smile indifferently at the braggart, and would not lose him because of the fun he affords. Still the man who is always sounding his own trumpet usually brings himself well within range of contempt; and one can hardly look complacently upon such a result produced, paradoxically, by the very act of self-glorification.

Boasting, of course, is the only aggressive and disagreeable assertion of one's own personality, and insistence on the importance of one's own doings. An identical speech or not may be spoken or committed by two men, and one will be a boast and the other will not. The mechanical cataloguing and labelling of deeds is not boasting—it may be a colorless collection of facts. The public man who has to place before his fellows a sort of self-signed certificate of character, so as to win their confidence, may do it without boasting; similarly, the applicant for a situation is compelled to give an account of himself which, if thrust upon his fellows unasked, would savor of bragging, but which is only a business statement, exactly on a par with the record of his height and weight, when it appears in an application.

So the author put his name to a book, not that he may glorify himself, and enjoy a more or less extended publicity—those may or may not be his feelings—but rather primarily that the book may be identified for business purposes as his, just as his house may have a plate on the gate to help the shop-boys with the tradesmen's baskets.

The artist who signs a picture wishes to label his work for reference. The signature may be scrawled in shamefacedness, and not in pride. So, in many ways, there may be a direct assertion of the identity, and even of the personality, of a man without any approach to boasting. The crucial question is, "What was the spirit in which the self-assertion was made?"

A thoroughly skilful resourceful boaster will attain this end by "forcing" questions in the same way that the conjurer will "force" the card which he wishes a member of the audience to take. Sharpness and experience are all that is needed to produce questions, the answers to which must result in a little self-glorification to the speaker.

The boaster may start right away from the desired subject, having however all the requisite moves in mind, like a recognized gambit on the chessboard; and he may draw and draw his listeners into the net, until they are obliged to put the questions he looks for, unless they prefer to turn the conversation very pointedly. But this is a game which requires to be played with infinite care, for to expose one's hand involves more humiliation than to be discovered openly boasting. At the same time it is done more or less unconsciously; for boasting is rather a habit of mind which instinctively finds means to its end than an avowed practice which is followed of malice aforethought. It is the outcome of superabundant egotism joined to a lack of humor—that humor which gives a sense of proportion.

Humor is one of those steadying qualities which tones down many imperfections. The humorist is generally egotistical, and often boastful; he has a very high appreciation of himself, yet his temperament saves even his boastfulness from appearing obnoxious. He can see the ridiculous in himself as well as in others; and the pleasant things he is often ready to say or infer about himself are modified in the minds of an audience by the satire he is equally ready to cast upon himself.

The humorist, beyond all men, sees two sides of a question; he is clever, moreover, in appreciating the temper and tastes of an audience, and that is why he seldom allows himself to pass for a braggart even when he is by no means reticent in self-appraisement. The humor of the false position in which the boaster places himself often also safeguards the onlookers from a too-severe judgment. When we laugh we forgive, and balance our amusement against what is disagreeable. The braggart is often saved from sharp judgments by being ridiculous.

For real, persistent, oppressive boasting one must turn to the heavy man—the successful man of business, perhaps, who tells you again and again, with wearisome if legitimate pride, the story of his life, the rent of his house, and the vintages of his wine-cellar—who entertains guests that he may for ever have an audience, and dismisses them in the charmingly-innocent belief that they have enjoyed the conversation as much as he. He is always ponderous. Even if by accident he glides away from himself as the subject for discussion, he is depressingly dull on another topic—in fact, if entertainment is to be got out of him, he will be found more tolerable when autobiographical than otherwise.

It is the men with single ideas who are most boastful—men whose experience is not wide, though it may be deep, men who have lived isolated lives and have not associated much with those of their own age and station. They do not know that they are boasters, although they are quick to discover boasting in others.

Among the more insidious forms of boasting may be mentioned silence. Have you never noticed a man assume a kind of lofty superiority to a general conversation by ostentatiously isolating himself from it, or throwing in, perhaps, a patronizing word by way of suggesting that the level of the talk is too low for him to stoop to it.

Some men are astute enough to let others do their boasting for them, on the principle enunciated by Bacon that "things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own;" and they participate only by now and again uttering a mild and insincere disclaimer, thus seeking to obtain at once credit for distinction and modesty. A subtle form of boasting is that conveyed by means of inference. "Ah," you perhaps say, "I can't jump that five-barred gate now!"—thereby implying, with more boastfulness than truth, that there was a time when you were no insignificant athlete.

At its best, boasting is a weakness that is allowed a footing only by charitable feeling and amused toleration. At its worst, it is offensive in a high degree to the self-complacency of jealous men, and to the taste of sensitive men. Though the boaster can swagger his way gloriously through the midst of the timid and subservient, he causes all who have any spirit to arm themselves quietly against his pretensions; and even the kindliest and most just of thinkers feel that there is no need for them to say much in favor of people who are always busy landing their own virtues and deeds.

A good act remains a good act after the fame of it has been shouted from the housetops, but its grace has left it. So the boaster, when he is not a braggart about imaginary achievements, but is seized by an overdone delight in his own admittedly-good deeds, may easily rub all the bloom off his life's best fruits.

A PROMISE of any kind is too sacred and too subtle a thing for a little child to meddle with. It should be reserved for future years, when the mind can grasp its import and the character be firm enough to sustain responsibility. If meanwhile a child be instructed into its meaning and impressed with its importance, and if we in our dealings with him are strictly loyal to every promise of our own, he will gradually come to regard it as a sacred thing, to be made with reverence and kept with fidelity.

GENTLE in the method, strong in the doing—courteous and mild and suave in manner, but flexible in the deed, if right and just. This is not a bad motto for such of us as have duties and responsibilities—when we must, perhaps, coerce others into doing their duty, and make ourselves taskmasters to the unwilling, and whips and spurs to the dilatory.

THERE are but few people who live by rule. The majority neither eat, sleep, work, rest, pray, meditate, nor reach a conclusion of any kind except as it suits them. Method is the means by which expectation reaches the top of the ladder of life—that is, the summit of real power and influence.

I HAVE known folks who have never committed a blunder, whose hearts are as dry as dust; and others who have constantly transgressed, whose sympathies were as warm and as quick as those of an angel.

THE intellectual worker should have at least two seasons of complete rest every year. The freshness of his work will soon show the advantage of following such a course.

TRUE charity does not consist in dispensing what we no longer need or have lost our liking for, but in giving that which necessitates some self-denial.

A CERTAIN discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonorable conversation.

IN all climates cleanliness is amongst the primary conditions of health, and health means the first gift of God to man.

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DAISY.—Rice is in the East an emblem of fertility; it is thrown over the bride, and in at the carriage door. We like the custom, if it is not abused.

W. W.—The bells of Russia are among the most famous in the world. Those of China rank next in size. In Pekin, it is stated, there are seven bells each weighing 120,000 pounds. The largest bell in America is in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal. It weighs 29,400 pounds. There are few bells of large size in the United States. Some churches have chimes or peals of bells.

G. S.—Assuming the earth to be a sphere, as we may do for ordinary purposes, the shortest distance, measured upon its surface, between two points on that surface is along the line of the great circle, passing through the two points. The reason of this is plain: The larger a circle is the more nearly does any part of its circumference approach to a straight line, and a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

C. H.—When any solid substance is immersed in water it displaces a volume of water exactly equal to the bulk of the immersed body. A board of dry white pine, weighing 30 pounds, would displace about four-fifths of a cubic foot of water, and as this amount of water weighs about 50 pounds, the board not merely floats but would bear up about 20 pounds. A piece of cast-iron weighing 2 pounds displaces 7¼ cubic inches of water, weighing only about 4½ ounces, and consequently it sinks rapidly.

E. L. L.—Vulcanizing india rubber is done by mixing it with sulphur and then heating the mixture very hot, when the two unite into one substance which is unlike common rubber in many things, for it cannot be dissolved by the articles which will dissolve pure rubber, and it keeps its elasticity both in very cold and very hot weather. Tubes, fire hose, gas pipes, elastic rings or bands, door and window springs, maps, machinery, belts, besides boots and shoes, are made of this kind of vulcanized rubber.

L. L. D.—The virtue of copying ink consists in in its non-drying property, and this may be given to any ordinary ink by the addition of sugar. Lately, however, glycerine has been substituted for sugar, and is decidedly to be preferred. A good copying ink may be made from common violet writing ink by the addition of six parts of glycerine to eight parts of the ink. Using only five parts of glycerine to eight parts of ink, it will copy well in fifteen minutes after it has been used. With fine white copying-paper the ink will copy well without the use of a press.

F. W. M.—The study of logic is doubtless a fine exercise for the mind, enabling a person who has thoroughly mastered its principles to reason correctly and to measure his assertions, and to avoid rashness in argument, but a man may have a thoroughly logical mind without having even heard of the science. Like most abstruse subjects, it must be looked upon as a severe form of mental discipline, of great value to clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and, indeed, indirectly to men of business, especially those who have extensive operations to transact, as it teaches the great value of method in all things.

L. B. C.—It is not at all uncommon to find one limb longer than the other in human beings. Indeed perfect symmetry is the exception. It has recently been recorded that out of seventy well authenticated skeletons examined the lower limbs were equal in length in only seven instances, the right limb being longer in twenty-five and the left limb in thirty-eight cases. It is claimed that this will have the effect, where persons walked without knowing the direction from their surroundings, of making their step longer with one limb than the other, and thus cause them to travel in a circle, as people so frequently do when they get lost. In most of the skeletons above referred to the right arm was longer than the left.

M. M.—Cabinet-makers use a great variety of polishing compounds, many of which are the result of their own experimenting, and consequently kept secret. The subjoined recipe is for compounding a most excellent kind of what is called "French polish," highly recommended by experts: To one pint of spirits of wine add quarter ounce each of gum copal and sandarach, and one ounce of shellac. Let the gums be well bruised and sifted through a piece of muslin. Put the spirits and the gums together in a vessel that can be closely covered; place near a warm stove, and frequently shake the mixture, and in the course of two or three days the gums will be dissolved. Strain the mixture through a piece of muslin and keep it tight corked for use. Properly applied, the polish will preserve its lustre for a long time.

L. V. D.—Beau Brummel was a celebrated Englishman of fashion, who flourished in the early part of the present century. His father left him a large sum of money, but Brummel's extravagance soon dissipated that. He was for many years a favorite with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Brummel was the most insolent man of his time, and offended everybody. He at last offended the Prince of Wales by saying to him, at an entertainment, "George, ring the bell," the bell-cord happening to be near the Prince's right hand. The Prince rang the bell, and when a servant appeared in answer to the summons, the Prince said "Mr. Brummel's carriage." This was understood as a dismissal, and from that time Brummel's career was downward. He finally died in a hospital for mendicants in France.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

BY W. W. LONG.

Stars are softly shining
On the brow of night;
Let us ramble, darling,
In their silver light.

Hand in hand let's wander,
Bonny love of mine,
To the glade of roses,
Where the fairies dine.

Hand in hand let's wander
To the haunted dell,
There to drink love's nectar
From the wishing well.

A Higher Law.

BY S. U. W.

"NOW, Oscar, mind you choose a handsome haberman."

"All right. But what's the odds so long as he can sail?'

"Mary always wants handsome men about her. Just as well you should understand that, Oscar, you know. If you discovered it after you were married, you might feel jealous. I couldn't bear to have an Othello for a brother-in-law."

"I don't know," said the first speaker. "I should rather like you to be a little jealous, Oscar. But not of fishermen, nor coachmen. I always make mamma get good-looking coachmen; it makes such a difference to the whole turn-out."

"Quite so. Never mind that scoffing sister of yours, she shan't have a Moorish brother-in-law. In fact, I take it as a personal compliment; you like handsome men, you are going to marry me, ergo, I——"

But the scoffing sister threw a sofa-cushion at him, and he disappeared chuckling, without having finished his speech.

"Oh, Nora, pick that up, and tidy the room a little. We must leave things neat, or we shall hear of it from mamma when she comes down."

"All right, Mary. There, and there, and there. Now come along and let's get our hats; he'll have had time to pick out a regular beauty before we get down."

The wilful little tomboy pulled her sister out of the room, and in a few minutes they were walking down to the beach.

"This is a picnic, isn't it?" she resumed. "Oh, aren't you awful happy, Mary? A whole month, and your old Oscar all to yourself, and mother and me to do propriety for you?"

"Be quiet, and don't say awful when you know its awfully—if you must use the word."

'Oh, never mind that; I'm on a holiday, too, Miss Prim, remember. Now don't you wish we needn't take a fisherman, and then that you two needn't take me? Well, it can't be helped, but I'll tell you—I'll go and sit near the fisherman, and talk to him till you are tired of talking to Oscar."

"Will you, really? I'm not sure I can allow that, and what about the fisherman? Have you no pity for him?"

"Hush, there he is, talking to Oscar. And oh, he is handsome."

Nora was right. The man was distinguished-looking, with a dark southern face, a wavy black moustache, and black hair. His slight well-balanced figure was partly disguised by his blue serge trousers and guernsey, but his head was carried on a symmetrical brown neck, and the guernsey disclosed an exquisitely turned throat.

"How do you like the—boat?" asked Oscar. "Will it do?"

"It is splendid," replied Mary. In a second or two, assisted by the unconscious object of her admiration, she was seated on board the tiny cutter.

They were in fact a handsome party. Mary was a lovely girl of eighteen, with a great air of fine breeding about her, and a gracious sweetness to all mankind, due partly to perfect satisfaction with a world that always met her with a smile, and partly to happiness in her lately-made engagement to Oscar Meynell.

He was a manly-looking young fellow, touring from England, and had met his fate in an Auckland ball-room. He was a cadet of a great family, and had three hundred a year of his own.

So when after a few weeks he had obtained Mary's promise to marry him, and then presented himself to Colonel Stewart to ask for his daughter, he was as successful in the second suit as in the first.

Three hundred a year was a narrow income, and Colonel Stewart was by no means in a position to give his daughter a dot, having lost money in various badly managed local institutions; but Mary in a year's time would come into possession of some house property, left her by an aunt.

The rents were worth altogether about five hundred a year, so that the young couple would be able to set up house-keeping in comfort.

Now, Mrs. Stewart had taken a house up the harbor, and Oscar had been invited to join them in their holiday, which was to include boating, tennis, and music, and to give Mrs. Stewart a complete rest from calls, entertainments, and social worries generally.

The fourth in the boat was Mary's fourteen-year-old sister, Nora, who, with long hair hanging to her waist and blowing about her eyes, looked, Oscar declared, like an unbroken filly, and was certainly as shy and mischievous.

They had a very good time. The wind was light but steady, and they sailed up to the North Shore, and ate strawberries and cream, and then stood out over the bar.

The handsome fisherman proved a quick and handy assistant to Oscar who had a fair knowledge of sailing, but was new to these waters, and profited by some information about winds and currents unobtrusively given him.

They were soon all on terms of ease, though the Englishman was surprised by the unaffected dignity and equality of the fisherman, who apparently saw in the letting of his boat and the hire of his services, not the slightest reason for considering himself inferior to the others.

However, he observed that the girls did not appear to notice this, and remembered having been told something of the democratic tone of New Zealand manners.

That was the first of many happy cruises. Sometimes when there was no wind, and the harbor was calm and blue as an Italian lake, the men would get out two light skiffs, and the girls practiced sculling.

On these occasions Romeo, as they called the fisherman (his name was Romer, but this was only used in his presence; away from him they could never resist the Italian name which seemed to fit him better), Romeo steered Miss Stewart, who was fairly proficient with the skulls, and Oscar her young sister, whom he was teaching to row in Oxford form.

"I can't have your early efforts misdirected," he explained, when the girl's eyes opened on first seeing this division. "If you get into a bad style at first, I should be bound to give myself a lot of trouble afterwards, to get you out of it. I suppose you'd prefer Romeo, but you'll have to put up with me."

"All right. 'It revolts me, but I do it,'" said Nora, quoting "Pooh Bah," who had just been seen in Auckland for the first time.

Mary agreed with a good grace. At times, though she had never yet admitted it even to herself, her youthful lover bored her.

The only man she had ever been really intimate with before, was her father, a highly cultivated man of the world, and Meynell's talk often seemed to lack variety compared with the Colonel's.

So that if only for a change, she was not averse to sitting opposite the fisherman, to whom she could talk or not as she liked. But there was another reason. She delighted in beauty for its own sake.

Colonel Stewart had a fine taste in pictures and statuary, and his house was full of copies of antique masterpieces, and fine specimens of various modern schools.

Mary had inherited his taste, and without knowing much about classical art possessed a fastidious sense of the beautiful.

To her the sight of Romeo was a perpetual joy. She loved to watch him unaware, his reserved, unconscious face, his eyes fixed steadily on some distant point of land.

She used to analyze his beauty for herself, and place it among various objects of his previous admiration. "He is slighter than any of those old Greeks of papa's," she thought, "and yet he is nobler looking than any of the men in the Italian pictures.

"He would look stern very easily, I think. He is Romeo.

"Nora hit the mark exactly when she thought of that. How beautifully his head springs from his shoulders. 'The small head buoyant;' it is really like the Venice woman's in Browning. And yet nothing of the woman or the butterfly about him."

* * * * * *

Oscar and Mary were seated under the verandah facing the orchard. They had a basket of strawberries between them, and Mary was picking out the largest and ripest fruit for her lover, when Nora rushed up with a flash of hair and black stocking.

"The boat is coming," she cried. "Get ready! Oh, won't it be delightful, you slow old things. May I take my line, Mary? It hasn't any hooks on it, but it might do. Do you think we shall catch any fish? I've tried from the rocks for days and never had a bite."

"You never waited to see," remarked Oscar.

"That's nonsense. You never waited to see, because you went off with Molly. And Romeo said that I might catch fish from the rocks."

Oscar and his prospective sister-in-law were not the best of friends. He picked up the largest and lightest of the baskets that had been filled with things for luncheon, and saying, "Bring along the kit, Nora," marched down to the beach with Mary.

The cutter was lying alongside the little jetty, and Romeo stood by the main mast, a picturesque figure against the smooth blue water.

He raised his hat to the ladies, and Mary asked him if it was going to be fine.

"Too fine, almost," he replied, "because we may be long reaching the fishing ground."

But in this he was mistaken. No one found it too long. The water was smooth, and there was only sufficient wind to fill the sails; but the tide was with them, and they made good way.

Romeo steered out into the gulf until he reached a famous bank where there was about seven fathoms of water; then he dropped the anchor. He had provided a number of lines, each neatly coiled on a wooden frame, each armed with two hooks, and weighted with a leaden sinker. With these was a bag of bait pieces of young shark, beloved of New Zealand fish and Maoris.

Oscar was independent enough to bait his own hooks, but he was reduced to the simple expedient of letting the line sink slowly into the water as he uncoiled it from the frame.

Romeo, in response to Nora's earnest appeal, rapidly baited her hooks and allowed her to drop them overboard in the same way.

Then he took Mary's line, which was of clean white cotton, baited the hooks with the softest part of the shark, flaked the line down in the boat, then seizing it near the end spun the sinker round his head, and flung it towards the mainland. Baits and line fell with one splash in the water.

"I've got a bite—I've got a bite," sang Nora.

"Pooh," said Oscar.

"It's the tide, I think," said Romeo.

"Oh," exclaimed Mary as her line tightened with a sudden jerk. "What is that?"

"Pull it in," shouted Oscar; "it's a fish."

So it was; a great, deep, brawny schnapper with gleaming scales and golden red hues that shot to and fro in its vigorous attempts to escape. It was drawn, gasping and struggling, into the boat.

Nora uttered a frightened shriek. "Something has got me." She had twisted the line round her wrist, and a schnapper, almost as strong as a twenty-pound salmon was trying to run away with her hooks. Romeo hauled it in, and after that did little else but haul in fish and bait hooks for more than an hour. The three fishers caught thirty-eight big schnapper before Nora remarked, after a sigh of satisfaction that it ought to be luncheon time.

Before the others had given much attention to her remark Romeo had lifted the boom high up the mast, and had made the mainsail into an awning to shield them from the sun.

The others were now rewarded for their devotion to the business in hand. Oscar drew in a curious fish with crimson tapering body, and gaudy, peacock colored fins. It snapped it jaws, and barked like a dog as it lay on the boards.

"Oh, put it in the water again; it is so pretty, and it makes such a queer noise," pleaded Nora.

"It's a kuma-kuma, and very good to eat," remarked Romeo.

Oscar, proud of his luck, and anxious to make the biggest catch, threw it on his particular heap.

"That makes one more than you," he said; "no throwing that away, Miss Nora."

"But I've caught another, too. Oh! I've caught the bottom—no, a shark. Romeo, help me."

She did not know how she had addressed the fisherman, but Mary blushed.

Romeo pulled steadily at the line, and slowly there came to the surface a great fish, broad and flat, with wing-like fins, and a long round tail.

"A stingaree," he muttered with disgust, and giving a quick jerk to the line, broke the hook, and let the monster sink again.

"Never mind, that counts to my score," said Nora, triumphantly. "Now I've caught as many as Oscar, and I think we ought to have lunch."

"Would you like some tea?" asked Romeo.

"Oh, wouldn't we!" replied Nora, enthusiastically.

Romeo brought an old salid rum from the bows of the cutter. It was almost half full of ashes, and its sides were perforated with numerous holes. In this he lit a fire of broken driftwood and waste kauri gum, and when the billy was boiling, he lifted the lid, threw in a handful of tea, and lifted the billy from the fire. A wonderful aroma rose from the burning-gum, and steaming tea.

"There is no milk," he said, "but people generally think the flavor of billy-tea too good to be spoilt with milk."

The girls and Oscar sat in the shade of the sail, and against the white background Mary showed to perfection. For half a minute as he busied himself at the fire Romeo could not take his eyes from the lovely picture.

"Mr. Romer, do you always make tea as good as this?" Nora's voice recalled him to himself.

"It is delicious," said Mary.

"What is that strange shaped island over there, Romer?" asked Oscar.

"That is Rangitoto."

"And what may that mean?"

"Red sky. You see it's an extinct volcano; but it must have been in eruption since the Maoris came, or they could not have seen it redden the sky."

"And that island over there, and the one beyond it!" asked Mary. Then, without waiting for an answer, "But the gulf is full of islands, and how they vary in color. How calm and lovely it all is," she added dreamily.

"Oh, such a big fish," cried Nora. "And I thought I had nothing on my line."

A big shark had swallowed her bait, and allowed itself to be drawn to the surface without resistance.

"Quick, lend me the line. I'll stab it," said Romeo.

But as he spoke, the monster, sixteen feet long or more, turned over on its side, and with a stroke of its tail shot out of sight, carrying with it most of Nora's line.

"Do you count that fish also?" asked Oscar.

"Of course, I do. I caught it. Mr. Romer, have you another line?"

"It's no use fishing here again with sharks about," replied Romeo. "We must shift to another place."

"I think we will turn home again," said Mary quietly.

So the anchor was lifted, the sails set, and the cutter glided gently to the bay, with the light wind and incoming tide.

* * * * * *

Soon another delight was added to those of rowing and sailing, for the girls discovered that Romer knew as much about riding as boating, and he brought them horses from his father's farm that it was a delight to be on, and proved an admirable guide, taking them for beautiful rides which included bush, and hill, and long stretches of firm sea beach.

By skilful indirect questioning, Miss Stewart drew from him the brief outline of his life; how he had been meant for farming, but had found the fascination of the sea too great.

"Fishing," he explained, "is not bad. I have a boat, and am my own boss, and I get some excitement out of it. Father would like me to take over the farm, and settle down. But not yet. I tell him we're very well as we are."

"But you are so fond of the horses; aren't they an inducement?' asked Mary.

"Yes, I don't think I could do altogether without horses. I used to have them all in such training that if I called one of them, and held up my hand, he would come up and put his nose against it. I reckon they're the cleverest creatures breathing, and the kindest."

"Indeed. Well, these seem very fond of you, but I didn't know you would think so highly of them as all that. Are they really clever?"

"They are so. Where else will you find a creature that has so much sense, and patience, and real goodness, at only three years of age? If you only handle him right, a three year-old thoroughbred will do anything for you that an old horse can do."

"And half-bred horses?"

"Well, perhaps they're not so quick as thoroughbreds, but they've plenty of

sense too. Take a half-bred hack along a strange road once, and he'll bring you back along it quite safely in pitch darkness. It may fork as much as it likes, but he'll take the right track. There are a good many men couldn't do as much in broad daylight."

* * * * * *

The golden hours slipped by. The last day of their last week had come, and they were out for a last cruise. It was a fine day, the sun blazing, and the sky a bright blue, especially towards the zenith; lower, though cloudless, the blue had a whitish tinge.

Mary was seated in the stern, and beside her, Oscar was steering, and telling her stories of his yachting experiences. He never boasted, but it was evident that he thoroughly believed in himself as skipper.

Romer was in the bow, with the brim of his hat drawn down; at intervals he glanced from under it at the group in the stern. Nora, leaning over the gunwale with her hair shading all her face, and her long legs curled up on the thwart, dipped her hands in the water, which was quite warm, and watched the broken image of herself that tried to gaze up at her.

She was thoroughly bored by the references to Cowes and the Needles, and such phrases as "I thought there was wind enough to get us home, so I——" and presently she turned to see what the other man in the boat was doing. As she did so Mary raised her hand to hide a not quite suppressed yawn, and Oscar with a lover's freedom caught it as passed him, saying he wanted to examine one of its rings.

The broad brimmed hat at the other end of the boat bent a little lower, and a muttered exclamation reached Nora's ear. The hat was raised again directly, and Nora saw in the set features beneath it that her friend was in some trouble, so the kind-hearted young creature rose and went to his side, and Romer had companionship which just then was good for him, and drove some fierce thoughts from his heart.

He began to look about him, and presently remarked—

"We shall have some wind soon; we ought to go back."

"Nonsense, man," said Oscar, who had been telling Mary that the weather was favoring them, "there isn't a cloud in the sky."

"It can blow here without a cloud in the sky," answered Romer, "and if it comes up strong from the south-west with the tide making, we shall have a sea on in the Rangiotto Channel that will make things dangerous."

"Pooh," scoffed Oscar, "why, the place is almost landlocked."

But even as he spoke, suddenly and without warning, a cool breeze rushed over the water, the sea, hitherto smooth as glass, broke into ripples, and the ripples gathered into waves just large enough to rock the boat smartly.

"It is only a puff," said Oscar.

Romer looked at Miss Stewart, and she, seeing something of warning as well as appeal in his fine dark eyes, turned to the other, and said—

"Do let us go home. Mr. Romer seems to be right, and if it is going to blow, it may be dangerous to stay here. You know boats are sometimes wrecked even in the Auckland harbor."

"If you really wish to go home," said Oscar, "of course we will go, but I have to row up against the tide, and we are at least nine miles from the bay."

As the breeze had died away during this discussion, Mary was silent, and Oscar did not move, but sat with his hand on the tiller. However, another breeze came, this time with a vicious swish that made him start up quite suddenly.

"Well, to please you, we will go home; haul in the staysail sheets, Romer."

"We had better put a reef in the mainsail, and stow the jib."

"Oh, there's no need for that; why, the boat has scarcely got way on her."

Again the breeze had died away, but in an unaccountable manner waves had risen that tossed the little cutter up and down in a way that bothered Oscar at the helm.

Mary and Nora had drawn close together, and Romer, instead of sitting in the bows, had taken up a position to windward of the mast. He looked steadily to the south and west. There was nothing there surely to cause alarm.

The sky was still blue, and on its broad expanse one or two clouds floated at rest, soft, broad, and fleecy, to be dispersed by the lightest breath of wind.

The clouds did not move, the sky did not change its hue, yet from the south-west came a huge blast of wind, invisible but mighty. It had shrieked over the land; now it hissed over the water, and struck the boat a tremendous blow. Neither Nora nor Mary saw it coming, Oscar blindly ducked his head. Romer, whose first care was for the boat, which meant care for all, shouted the short command—

"Up in the wind, quick."

The cutter had been sailing free, and the wind shifting a point or two, drove her over till the combings of the open hatchway were almost level with the foaming water.

The sudden lurch upset Oscar, but he clung to the helm, and his desperate grasp effectually carried out Romer's order. The cutter careened, and curved swiftly into the face of the wind.

She had weathered the squall, and as the pressure were off the sails she steadied, and Oscar reached his place by the rudder again; while Nora managed to climb to windward, and clung to the life lines that stretched along the combings of the hatch.

Romer had maintained his position by the mast. He looked at Oscar, scanned the sails and the sea, then turned his glance towards Mary. She looked full in his eyes; she had not spoken when the squall struck the boat, and she spoke very quietly now as she asked—

"Are we in danger? tell me. Nora must not run any unnecessary risks."

Oscar heard the question, and it cut him to the quick. He felt his ability as a sailor questioned.

"Sit down in the bottom of the boat, you and Nora," he said, sharply. "It's all right, we shall be home very soon. The water will be smooth enough under the land." Then to Romer, "Haul tight the staysail sheet, and clear things forward. You're blocking my sight, sitting there by the mast. Now, look smart."

Romer wanted to speak, but this order, given in an irritating tone, silenced him; he moved into the bows, and looked steadily ahead.

The short, square ridged waves were running much higher than he liked. The wind was meeting the tide at a sharp angle, and he knew what Oscar apparently did not know; that the strong current and the waves were driving the cutter to leeward. Every minute saw her farther from the land.

The boat pitched and lurched with such violence as tried the stays, and the wind was so unsteady that a much better helmsman than Oscar would have been puzzled to keep the sails just full. The cutter began to ship lumps of water that flew up, wetting Mary and Nora, and adding greatly to their discomfort, for the wind, striking their wet clothes, chilled them through and through.

Mary began to shiver, and Nora asked Oscar if he would take them over the water, instead of under it.

Oscar maintaining a grim silence, Mary roused herself.

"Oscar," she said quietly, "I've no doubt we are safe enough; but wouldn't it be as well to make use of Mr. Romer's knowledge of the harbor? You see, he must know it better than we can. Then I should feel quite at ease."

Gently as she had worded her request, Mary could not have said anything more likely to irritate Oscar just then.

"Romer be hanged, I am responsible for the boat. This bit of a breeze and chop of a sea is nothing."

"It will be something soon," said Romer, who saw the pain in Mary's eyes. "The sou'-wester has not come down on us yet; when it does, the sea that will get up will be too much for a half-decked boat like this." He paused; then, seeing no change in Oscar's attitude, he went on—"If you won't give me a turn with the rudder, let me advise you to run before the wind, and land the ladies at the nearest point. We shall have to reef down soon, and it will take the cutter a week to beat up to the bay against this sea and the gale that is coming, even if she does not get swamped."

But Oscar made no move. He fully believed the cutter would be in smooth water before any storm could come on, and he had seen no signs of a storm.

Swish! came another invisible blast from the clear bright sky. Swish! and the cutter heeled over with dangerous swiftness. A hundred-weight of water slapped against the bows and tore aft, drenching everybody in the boat. Flop! came another lump, and with it came Romer. He had kept his temper, and had no idea of drowning, or seeing the women drown.

"We must reef down and run for it," he said. Keep her up in the wind a bit, Miss Stewart, can you lend a hand? Haul on the main sheet when I tell you."

Guided more by Romer's eye, than by her knowledge of mainsheets, Mary seized the proper rope.

"Now haul in."

Down came the mainsail, peak and throat.

"Bend down," cried Romer, as the fiercely shaking gaff descended with the flapping sail.

Mary obeyed in time to escape the folds of canvas.

"Over with your helm," shouted Romer. Oscar put the helm over, and the head sails filling, the boat wore swiftly round, and one danger was past.

But another was near. Romer was busy reefing the mainsail. He looked round.

"Will you slack away the foresheets?"

Again Miss Stewart followed the glance of his eye, and with womanly deftness she obeyed his order. But a sudden puff of wind proved too strong for her, and whipped the lines out of her hands; the sail blew out far over the bowsprit, threatening to whip itself to pieces.

Romer sprang from the fore-deck on to the bowsprit, crushed the wind out of the sail with his arms, seized the loose sheet, and leaped back again.

The Englishman at the helm, sore as he was at the way things were going, could not refrain from calling out, "Oh, well done!" as Romer landed on the deck safe after his daring exploit.

Romer next set the two sails to his liking, set them so that they bellied out with the wind and tore the boat along at speed. He put a reef in the mainsail, set that sail and lowered the jib.

The cutter heaved along before the wind and waves, rolling with steady grace, and giving the pleasure of swift motion even to the wet and uncomfortable girls. Oscar still steered, and managed to keep the boat fairly steady on her course. When he saw that the cutter was behaving well, and that the wind had settled into a steadier blow, he betrayed a little of the bitterness that was in his heart.

"I don't know where we are going," he said to Mary. "I suppose you will be quite content if Romer lands us on a desolate part of the beach a dozen miles away from any house. Perhaps now you feel safe you may think of food, shelter and dry clothes. Do you know we are sailing away from such things?"

Mary reddened as he spoke, but hesitated to reply, and Romer could not bear to see her troubled look.

"Well," he said mildly, "we are sailing away from waves that might swamp us, and a gale that might blow us under the water. And," he added, "we must sail fast or they will overtake us."

And the cutter had need to sail fast, for now the sou'-wester came down in its might, and the cutter as she dashed and rolled went very little faster than the waves that behind her gathered higher and more dangerous every moment.

Oscar, though a fair steersman under ordinary circumstances, was not skilful enough to guide the boat in such a broken sea, and he let her yaw to and fro so that more than once she nearly came broadside on to the square lumps of water that as they rolled onwards could overwhelm her in a moment.

Romer saw the danger, and forced himself to say—

"I you don't mind you might let me give you a spell. I think I could manage."

His careful wording and conciliatory, even humble, tone were alike thrown away.

"Stick to your place," replied Oscar; "the boat's all right."

As he said this he gave her an inch too much helm just as she rose on the crest of a wave. She curled round, in an instant the boom swung swiftly over, and as it was swung knocked Oscar head-over-heels into the boat. There was a moment of confusion and peril. The sheet was fast to windward and the boat was broadside on to the waves; she heeled over.

The oncoming wave would have engulfed her, but Romer sprang aft, jammed the helm hard down, and gave one mighty pull on the main sheet; the cutter went round like a top, and in half a minute was bowling free again.

It was smart work, and had only saved the boat from being swamped by a hair's breadth.

Romer stuck to the helm, for Oscar was lying where he fell. Mary bending over him discovered the skin on his temple grazed; but that he had thrown up his arm as the yard came on him his head must have been broken.

A long point of land was now visible running far into the foaming water. Romer's face grew stern as he saw and recognised it; he knew that a line of rocks extended from the point, and if he could escape them he could run into shelter. He knew also that he could not keep the boat out far enough to weather the rocks without great danger of jibbing again, which would mean destruction. He resolved to trust his knowledge of the place, and make a desperate effort to get over the reef. To his companions he said—

"Don't be frightened if a bit of a hole is knocked in the boat. We shall get to shore all right, and Mr. Meynell too."

Mary nodded with an air of perfect confidence, and he steered close on to the point.

They were now under a high cliff, to the right of them a wild confusion of surf and foam. As they approached the point a great wave lifted them high up, and Romer thought "we're over." Then down they sank again.

There was a shock, a grating sound, and Romer set his teeth together, and wondered if any of the party could swim. Then he breathed a sigh of relief, for the cutter was sailing free in smooth water, and in another few minutes he ran her into a small tidal creek, and the dangers of the sea were past.

They were in a boat harbor twenty miles from their cottage, but in the gully a few hundred yards away stood a settler's house, and there they were hospitably cared for.

* * * * * *

The sou'-wester blew itself out before sunset, and next morning the sea was rippling and smiling under a bright sky. Romer wanted to take all the party back as soon as it was daylight, but Oscar, complaining of a headache, refused to move, and Nora was so feverish after her wetting that the settler's wife insisted on her staying in bed. Mary was anxious about the distress of her mother, and determined to take advantage of Romer's offer.

There was no track along the coast, but the settler, who was full of sympathy for the distressed party, promised to follow at a convenient time with Oscar and Nora, in his larger but slower boat.

The sudden squall had been succeeded by a light fresh breeze, that covered the waves with ripples and tipped them with shining foam. The sun was bright and warm, and they had two hours' sail before them. Mary leant lazily against the mast, and Romer concentrated his attention on the line he was steering, which caused him to look just past her. Mary was mentally contrasting to-day's safety with yesterday's peril, and as she did so her thoughts and her eyes turned to the hero of their adventure, and perhaps she made another comparison. Again she glanced at Romer.

"How pale he is," she thought. "He looks like Kaulbach's young monk in the Dresden gallery. And yet how brave and quick he was yesterday!"

A sudden impulse took her towards him.

"Oh, Mr. Romer, you saved us yesterday, and I haven't thanked you, and don't know how to thank you. But indeed I am deeply grateful." And she timidly put out her hand.

For one second he glanced at her, then looking ahead again muttered.

"It was nothing."

"Oh, but, Mr. Romer, don't me off like that. Why are you so unkind?"

He caught her hand and put it to his lips.

"Forgive me," he said. "I would die for you, and you talk of unkindness."

Mary was not frightened at this sudden melting of the rocks. She hardly felt surprised now that he had spoken; he seemed to have some sort of right in what he had done.

What it was she could not think, and yet in the back of her mind was the consciousness that Oscar must never touch her hand again. But for the present it was her own, and she gently withdrew it from the captor.

"Forgive me," he repeated. "But how could I endure the future if I let you think even for a moment that I was anything but your true servant. It is hard enough as it is. For a moment I have known you; in that month I have lived a lifetime. To-morrow you go away, and my life ends.

"Before you came, I existed. Now I have lived, I have been with you, have worshipped daily every line in your figure and every tint on your face, have been thrilled by the touch of your dress as you passed me; I have learnt to know your sweetness, and have loved you more for every word you have spoken; and to-

morrow it all ends—from heaven I shall go down into hell. If you were to go away thinking me ungrateful, it would be too much—more than I could bear."

Mary had never heard words like these. Her easy, confident, gentlemanly admirer, who had come and seen and conquered had made love to her, it was true, but this was something different. The men who had danced and flirted with her in Auckland ball rooms had praised her beauty, but for the first time she recognised the hitherto wanting note of absolute devotion to herself. Her breast heaved and her color rose. True it was only a fisherman that spoke the words, but he was at least a man—no, more; she knew him a hero; and now he looked a god, for his upturned face and flashing eyes seemed as if they would give the lie to his despairing accents.

But a fisherman! Surely it was great presumption, and she ought not to allow him to speak such words at all. Her mother would have known how to check them.

"Pray, don't think anything more of it, Mr. Romer," she said. "You are forgiven. I assure you, I—we all think very highly of you."

Her cold indifferent tone wounded him.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that is right. Forgive me, and in the same breath commend me like a discharged servant. I deserve it."

He sank back pale and drooping.

Mary looked at him, and all the woman awoke in her. A vision flitted through her mind of herself as the cruel lady in Kaulbach's picture, and for an instant she felt herself the object of her own scorn.

Her poor young monk had half turned his face away, and she saw now what a change his lifetime of four weeks had wrought in him. The mouth was firmer, the cheek was slightly lined, the whole expression not that of the boyish Romeo, but of the man who has tasted life, and known its sweetness and its bitterness.

It was through love of her that he had changed, and now she had cruelly wounded him like any commonplace society girl.

She felt guilty, as if in obeying conventionality she had unwittingly sinned against some higher law, of whose existence she had hardly been aware. And the sight of the stricken figure before her pricked her to the heart.

She leant forward and touched his arm.

"Mr. Romer, it is my turn to ask for forgiveness. It was not I that spoke, but another girl who knew no better. I am sorry now; won't you shake hands and be friends?"

He looked up, and their eyes met

Then he took her hand, but something in the contact of those cool fine fingers told him what her eyes and her voice had hidden; he did not release it, but drew her to him, and putting his arms about her he strained her to his heart, and covered her cheek and hair with kisses.

Romer forgot his position as fisherman, forgot his duty as helmsman.

The boat came up in the wind, and then drifted with the tide.

But the man and the girl cared nothing where the boat drifted; they themselves were drifting down life's golden stream in the glamor of first love.

The sails flapped idly against the mast, and presently instinct reasserted itself, and Romer resumed his hold on the tiller.

It was long before either spoke.

The wind blew softly but steadily, the boat glided smoothly along, and the lap-lap of the little waves on her side was the only sound.

At last she spoke.

"This is dreadfully wrong."

"Ah, but it is worth wrong doing. And it is all my fault. I ought to have kept silence, and let you marry Meynell undisturbed."

"Mr. Meynell! I can never marry him now—never—never."

There was another long silence. Then he said—

"Will you marry me, my darling? I am utterly unworthy of you, but if you will you shall know what a man's love is."

She looked up at him, and this time he kissed her on the mouth.

CLEVER AND DULL.

THERE is a rage for cleverness in these days. Clever people are admired. They "get on" in life, and make people talk about them, both of which are pleasant things. Clever children are petted and admired, and sometimes they are made prodigies and show-things of, at which foolish parents are delighted.

The clever boy's clever sayings are cited for admiring visitors, and the clever girl is perched upon a music-stool to play a sonata of Beethoven. It is doubtless very wonderful, but sometimes, it is also very lamentable.

Cleverness may be dear-bought—in the young especially so. The pearl is a serious matter for the oyster, its production being the result of a disease. And so, cleverness in the young is very often achieved at the cost of their physical and even their mental health.

It is true many poets have been precocious; though possibly most of the wonderful things recorded of such have been discovered, or greatly embellished, by biographers, after their fame has been established.

Tasso's childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants pointed out to strangers "the marvellous boy whom the wood pigeons covered with leaves, and the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed." Ere six months had passed over the infant Tasso, he began, says Manso, "not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and fluently."

When put to school at an early age, his progress in learning was extraordinary, his ardor and diligence being incredible. He would rise and study in the night, and the day never surprised him in bed. At eighteen he produced his first epic poem; and he went on writing until he became mad, and died in that state at the age of thirty-two, after a long and lamentable confinement in a dungeon.

Keats was a clever boy at school; he was so devoted a student there, that his master had frequently to force him into the open air for his health, and then he would walk out with a book in his hand. Having precociously "beat his music out," he died at the early age of twenty-five.

Kirke White's was a similar melancholy case. Southey and Moore were also clever and sensible children, born as they were with the true temperament of poets. And, perhaps, poets generally attain these particular powers, contingent, as they mainly are, upon an exceeding sensitiveness, almost amounting to a disease, before men distinguished in other departments of literature, art, or science.

Yet many of our greatest poets have displayed no precocity in youth; happily for them, they have in nothing differed from the run of ordinary boys. Others have been kept away from school on account of ill-health, and only acquired learning after their physical system had become matured and strengthened.

Take Chatterton next, the so called "boy of genius." Yet so far from being a boy of genius, when sent to school he either could not or would not learn, and he was returned upon his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." His mother then tried to teach him, but she also failed. Yet the boy afterwards learned fast enough when he began to educate himself, and obtained a stimulus to the acquisition of learning.

Burns also was by no means a precocious youth. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, speaking of him and his brother Gilbert, says:

"Burns was put to school in his seventh year, along with his brother Gilbert, who must then have only been in his fifth. The two boys were both apt enough learners, Gilbert rather the better, as well as the better tempered and more cheerful of the two. Robert appears to have been a dour, sulky callan, his intense jealousy of all superiority probably even then keeping him unhappy and melancholy.

"Mr. Murdock, their master, says he tried to teach them a little sacred music, but found this impracticable, there being no music in either of their souls. As for Robert, his ear was so completely dull that he could not distinguish one tune from another, and his voice was so untunable that he could not frame a note, and was left behind by all the boys and girls in the school."

Up to the years of his manhood, Burns spent his vacant hours chiefly in leaping, dancing, wrestling, putting (or throwing the stone,) and in feats of physical prowess, by which his bodily powers were thoroughly matured and developed; and it was not till he had fallen many times head over ears in love that he began to write verses.

Dryden displayed no evidences of more than ordinary intelligence until he reached mature manhood; and Johnson says of Goldsmith, that he was "a plant that flowered late."

Schiller was a very idle scholar, and much fonder of ball and leap frog than of books. The most interesting thing told of him as a child by his biographer is, that once, in the midst of a storm of thunder and lightning, he climbed a tree, and when asked by his parents why he did so, replied, whispering, "that the lightning was very beautiful, and he wished to see where it was coming from."

This story, if correct, furnishes an illustration of the manner in which the young mind delights to seek information for itself in its own way.

Perhaps a still more characteristic anecdote is that told of Smeaton, the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse, who, when a boy in petticoats, was one day discovered on the top of his father's house in the act of fixing the model of a windmill, which he had constructed.

But the great majority of the most distinguished men—especially of those distinguished for their power—have been altogether undistinguished in their boyhood.

Sir Isaac Newton, perhaps our greatest man, stood very low in his class at school, and was a very inattentive scholar, though he was fond of mechanical pursuits, and of drawing various natural objects.

Sir David Brewster says of him, that "when he arrived at Trinity College, he brought with him a more slender portion of science than falls to the lot of ordinary scholars; but this state of his acquirements (continues his biographer) was perhaps not unfavorable to the development of his mental powers. Unexhausted by premature growth, and invigorated by healthful repose, his mind was the better fitted to make those vigorous and rapid shoots which soon covered with foliage and fruit the genial soil to which it had been transferred."

The distinguished Sir Humphrey Davy said of himself: "I consider it fortunate that I was left so much to myself when a child, and put upon no particular plan of study; and that I enjoyed so much idleness at Mr. Coryton's school. I perhaps owe to these circumstances the little talents that I have, and their peculiar application. What I am I have made myself I say this without vanity and in pure simplicity of heart."

And it is so in fact. Every man who achieves greatness does so, not through his acquirements under teachers when a boy, but through his self-education after he has become a man.

We might adduce an immense number of instances of positively stupid boys who have become distinguished and highly useful men.

For instance, Isaac Barrow, the great divine, was in his boyhood chiefly distinguished by his propensity for fighting, in which he got many a bloody nose; and his father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, who was the least promising of them all.

And that prodigy of learning, Dr. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was never happier than when "rolling large stones about," caring nothing for learning or reading of any sort. But at this kind of work he became "uncommonly hardy," though his father proclaimed him to be a most "grievous dunce."

Thanks to Adam Clarke's power of rolling about the large stones, in his boyhood, he was afterwards able roll to about large thoughts in his manhood.

Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys. The former is described by the Duchess d'Abrantes, who knew him intimately when a child, as "having good health, and in other respects he was like other boys;" and she adds:

"My uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon, in his boyhood, had none of that singularity of character attributed to him."

Parents need not be in a hurry to see their children's talents developed. Their best policy is to watch and wait; wait, and let good example and quiet training do their work.

Give the child a stock of physical health; set the boy fairly on the road of self-culture, and as he grows older, if there be the right stuff in him, the man will cultivate himself.

If there is anything certain, it is that no intelligent person will retain all the same views at thirty that he believed at twenty, or all at fifty that he held at thirty. Nor are these mental variations to be deplored. Emerson says: "Why should you keep your head over your shoulder, lest you contradict something you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself—what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day."

At Home and Abroad.

Vertical penmanship, which has long been required in many county clerks' offices and other places where public records are kept, and came into vogue in the fashionable schools in New York a couple of years ago, superseding the English style, has just been adopted by the Kansas City Board of Education as the system which must hereafter be taught in the public schools.

An annual event of great importance, at Folkestone, England, is the cyclists' church parade, which has just taken place. Wheelmen from far and near gather in a meet and ride in a body to St. Michael's Church. There an appropriate special service, lasting an hour, is read. While the wheelmen are in church their bicycles are stored in a neighboring coach-house.

It is possible to go round the world and touch on British territory all the way, viz: From England to Halifax, N. S., across Canada to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Hong Kong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, and England; or from Penang to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, Malta, Gibraltar and home. There is a "sea connection" that no other nation in the world possesses.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that differences in noses constitute about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle.

One's surprise in the fact that no two person's voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Of these, fourteen direct muscles produce 16,382 and thirty indirect muscles produce 178,741,823, while all in co-operation produce the total given above.

The phrase "As barren as Sahara" may lose all its significance if an eminent Frenchman's claims shall prove to be true. M. de Mesieres, of the Maistre and Attanoux Missions, declares that there is a "rich subterranean stratum" a short distance below the surface of the desert, and that "with very little trouble vegetation can be largely developed." Indeed, it would be a noteworthy achievement of science if this vast waste of sand should be made to bloom like a garden.

According to Chambers' Journal, Egypt is at present the most active and aggressive competitor in the onion trade. The trade with Egypt for onions is now so important that four lines of steamers are engaged in the traffic, bringing consignments from Alexandria to Liverpool, Hull and London. The Egyptian onion is a handsome and useful vegetable, and by selecting the best strains of seed the quality tends, year by year, to improve. So excellent in quality are these onions that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.

The growth of the post-office business of the country has been amazing. At the close of the Revolutionary War there were only seventy five post offices in the United States. At the close of the war of 1812 there were 3000. At the beginning of the Civil War there were 28,586, and five years after its close, in 1870, there were 28,492, or about 100 fewer, the only step backward during the history of the Post-Office Department. By 1880 the upward rise had started again in full force, and the number of post-offices in the country reached 42,000. There are now 60,000 post-offices in the United States, and the number is constantly being increased.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

HAREBELL AND FERN.

BY H. B. N.

ALONG time ago, the fairies who lived on the Heath quarreled with the Woodland fairies, and the feud lasted many years, for the fairies of the Heath were restless, wild folk, not content to live at peace with their neighbors.

The quarrel brought about many evils, and none put an end to them, until at last a ruler was given to the Heath folk wise enough to send a message to King Golden-rod of the Woodlands, asking for his help in restoring happiness to Fairyland.

The Woodland fairies did not love war as the Heath-folk did, so Golden-rod pondered the matter and answered that the Heath-folk were the aggressors, but if the king would send his daughter, Princess Harebell to his court in the woods, he would marry her to his son Foxglove, and perhaps this union would bring about the wished-for end, or, at least, he could think of nothing better.

So the king of the Heath sent his daughter.

When she reached the Woodland court, Harebell flung herself at the feet of Golden rod.

"I cannot hope," she said, "for greater mercy from a stranger than from my father; but though I do not hope, I pray that you will grant me a year's space before my marriage."

King Golden-rod was moved to pity, or perhaps he was afraid to force her against her wish. So he granted her request, and she went to live with King Golden-rod and his Queen.

Everyone marvelled at her delicate strength, her grace and beauty, and she was tended with the greatest of care.

But as the year went on, she drooped and sickened for the air of her Heatherland, for the sun and the wind, for the freedom of hill and dale, and nothing in the whole of Woodland could comfort or relieve her.

Golden-rod was very sorry for her, and would have sent to beg her father to take her home, lest she die; but Queen Hyacinth said

"If she go back with our part of the bargain unfulfilled, the quarrel will be ten times worse than before."

So Golden-rod did nothing but wait for the year's end.

Great preparations were made for the marriage feast. Spiders spun silken cloths to lay on the gorgeous fungi which served as tables; the floor was carpeted with the softest green velvet moss, and the roof was of leaves; while honey suckles and dog-roses peeped through here and there to look at the revels, while they poured out sweet scents until the air was heavy.

There were glowworms in such numbers that the light shone from the leafy bower out into the night, and the dew-drops inside sparkled like diamonds.

Canterbury bells, nodding to the wind, made fairy music, so that if one listened very hard, one might almost hear it. All the Woodland fairies, noble and simple, were bidden to the wedding, and many courtiers from the Heath as well.

Some came borne on the passing breeze, some dropped down from the end of a gossamer thread, and some arrived on the back of a dormouse, until all were assembled and awaited the coming of Princess Harebell to the banqueting hall.

She came at last in a litter of silver birch bark, lined with rose petals, carried by six beautiful girl fairies.

Harebell was wan and pale, and all the fairies murmured pitifully as she stood before them, with hanging head.

"Let me go before I die," she said. "I cannot breathe the air of your Woodlands; I cannot live here. For a year I have pined and sickened for my Heatherland. Let me go!" and she stretched out her hands in an agony of supplication.

But the Woodland fairies were unwilling to lose the peace which they hoped would come with the wedding, so they were silent.

Then Harebell turned to her own people and beseught them to take her back with them.

But they feared the wrath of her father, and one of them made a speech, and recalled to her mind her father's wish, and told her how everyone looked to her to restore peace and happiness, by her marriage with Prince Foxglove.

Then Harebell wept bitter tears indeed, and said to the prince—

"I have one more hope of life left. If you love me as you say you do, will you leave your Woodlands and take me away and live with me on the Heath? You are stronger than I, and perhaps you will not suffer as I have done.

"Oh! if you will do this for me, I will love you all my life, as no one ever loved before; and if your health should fail in spite of my tender care, I will come back with you to the Woodlands, and die, if need be."

Now, no Woodland fairy had ever been known to live in the keen air of the uplands, and Prince Foxglove answered that his place was in his own country, and amongst his own subjects, and he was weary with waiting for his bride.

A year ago he had made ready to marry her, and now, with her beauty dimmed, her brightness faded, he was still ready to marry her, and would wait no longer.

Her last hope fled, Harebell turned her head away to hide her tears.

Amongst the crowd of fairies was a poor youth, Bracken fern, one of the king's wood cutters.

All the year he had loved poor Princess Harebell for her beauty and kind heart, and now, from his place far in the background, he pushed forward, without heeding the jeers of the rest, stood before Harebell, and said, gently—

"Princess, if you will go with me, I will take you home. I am a rough, ugly fellow, but I am strong and hardy, and can protect you. If I die it will not matter in the least; and though by marriage with a poor woodcutter you can scarcely hope to end the feud, yet you cannot hope to end the feud by death. And perhaps, life with me might be better than death. Shall we go?"

And Harebell looked at him with shining eyes, put her hand into his, and they walked out into the darkness before anyone could stop them.

Bracken fern gave the Princess fern-seed, which, as everyone knows, renders whoever takes it invisible; so that their pursuers sought for them in vain. Then he took her in his arms up, on to the Heath, and there they made a home.

No sooner did Harebell feel the air of the Heath lifting her ringlets, than her eye grew clear and her limbs began to regain their roundness and strength; but, as the wine of life danced ever quicker in her veins, Bracken-fern's strength declined, until he lay at the point of death. Harebell tried many times to carry him back to the Woodlands, but her arms were not so strong as Bracken-fern's had been. So, at last, she sent a linnet as her messenger, and called all her father's subjects together.

There was great joy among the people, for they had been very angry at losing their beloved princess when she went to the Woodlands, and the feud between them and the Woodland fairies was fiercer than ever, because they could get no news of her; for Golden rod was afraid to tell the truth, and had bribed those Heath-folk who had come to witness the marriage, so that these had given a false account of Harebell's wedding with the prince.

Then Harebell told her people the true tale, and showed them Bracken-fern, dying for her sake. And they were greatly pleased, promising Harebell to bear him back to the Woodlands, which was all she asked of them. But first they said—

"Let us do what we can to cure him."

So the Gorse sheltered him from the cold winds, and Heather and Cotton-grass made a soft couch for him to lie on, and the Cup-moss gathered fresh dew to wet his lips.

Harebell cried day and night as she nursed him, oh, so tenderly; and her tears fell on his face and hands, till in the end, he revived and grew strong again.

And the Heath folk honored him for his love and for his stout heart, and made peace with their neighbors the Woodland fairies for his sake, and for the sake of their princess, who loved him so dearly. So Harebell's marriage brought peace after all.

As for Foxglove, he was so filled with spite and fury at the loss of his bride, that the very plant whose name he bore turned bitter, and its juices are rank poison to this very day.

When Princess Harebell's father heard of her return and of the ending of the feud, he sent for her to come back to his court; but Harebell would not, and stayed among her good friends the Gorse, the Heather, and the Cotton-grass; while Bracken-fern grew strong and well, and took care of Harebell, so that they lived together all their days in such happiness as is given to few.

And this ends the story of how Bracken fern came to the Heath.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.—Geron, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning

His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burnt-offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him.

A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him.

When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance. Whereupon he asked the old man, whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life.

Geron answered:—"My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them."

Having uttered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart.

Then the old man spoke:—"Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age."

The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.

ON THE COMMON.—On a cold night a man was hastening across the common with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well dressed appearance coming in the distance, and remarked to himself, "Go to! I will e'en ask you gentle stranger what time it is, and he will unbutton his coat, pull out his watch, and eke inform me of the hour of the night."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely, and said, "Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his overcoat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine on it he scrutinised it an instant, and said, "Yes!" And then he passed on without another word.

HE MIGHT KEEP IT.—The late Professor Blackie used to relate with great gusto the following story. As every one knows, the genial old professor used to be a picturesque and striking figure in the streets of Edinburgh.

A wiry-framed old patriarch, with strikingly-handsome features and long hair that fell in ringlets about his shoulders, no one, once having seen him, could forget him.

Passing one day along one of the principal Edinburgh streets, he was accosted by a very dirty little boy with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

The urchin was very importunate; and the professor, being impressed by the extreme filthiness of the boy's face, remarked, "I don't want a shine, my lad; but, if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir!" was the lad's reply; and, going over to an adjacent drinking fountain, he made his ablution.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, when he returned, "you've earned your money; here it is."

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the urchin, with a lordly air; "ye can keep it and git yer hair cut."

A CURIOUS ROOSTER.—California's latest curiosity is a rooster with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, it is gravely asserted, he turns a somersault, and walks off upside down; and when he takes a drink he immediately turns over, so as to swallow more easily. But it is in a free fight that he shows to the greatest advantage; for he is a terrible opponent, and when thus diverting himself looks like a revolving wheel, turning somersaults incessantly, and kicking in every direction.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Milk is always sold by weight in Arabia.

Java is the Malay word for "land of nutmegs."

Hayti's best products are logwood, mahogany and coffee.

The term "hand," used in measuring horses, means four inches.

A prisoner in New York got eleven years in prison the other day for stealing $2.

As many as 4,061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moth.

The coral flowers, so called, are animals. A coral reef resembles a bed of anemones.

A mortgage for $2,100,000 was recently placed on a single building in New York.

The wars of the last seventy years have cost Russia $1,775,000,000 and the lives of 664 000 men.

The smallest bird is an Indian humming bird. It is little larger than the common house fly.

It is stated that nearly 1,000,000 pounds of fur for hatters' purposes are produced in the United States.

In Wales it is believed that if any one kills a wren he will fall down and break a bone before the end of the year.

Of 1,000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

There were 26,118 persons charged with crime before the grand juries of this State during 1886. Of these 4417 were convicted.

Free schools were established in Rome and elsewhere by Theodosius, in the year 425. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and poetry were taught.

There are 200,000,000 acres of forest in Venezuela in which grow all the varieties of ebony, as well as rosewood, satinwood, and mahogany.

The oleander has a deadly poison in its leaves and flowers, and should not be where young children are. It is too dangerous, beautiful though it is.

The most densely settled State is Rhode Island, and the second Massachusetts. The former has 318 44 inhabitants to the square mile, and the latter 274 48.

Mr. Smyser, of Summerville, Ga., although nearly 97 years old, is still a crack shot. At a recent practice shoot he put seven bullets out of ten into a target at sixty feet.

The Buddhist idea of hell is a place of eight divisions. In the first and easiest the sinner walks for endless ages barefooted over a landscape of redhot needles, points up.

A Chicago fireman spends all his spare time in making bicycles, and it is said that his brother firemen and all his acquaintances among the police force act as agents for him.

Camel's flesh is the latest addition to the Parisian bill of fare. The meat is said to taste like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

Several kinds of birds are known to follow cows, horses, and other stock, about the pasture, for the purpose of feeding on the insects disturbed by the feet of those animals

Some veterans of the civil war have entered suit against the city of Hartford on the ground that the town promised them $300 bounty in 1861 which has never been paid them.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

The camel is the only animal that cannot swim. It is an extraordinary fact, that the moment it loses its footing in a stream it turns over, and can make no effort to prevent itself from being drowned.

The Chicago Post Office is being demolished. It was built in 1880, at a cost of $4,125,000. Last winter it was found to have settled so much that it was declared unsafe, and in May it was sold as old building material for $15,510.

Fishes that live in deep water, where much light does not penetrate, are mostly dull in color, while those that inhabit shallow waters are generally of the brightest hues, due, it is said, to the light which reaches them through the water.

Twenty-five bachelors of Jefferson county sent a committee to Galien, Berrien county, Mich., whence a report had been sent out that there were in the village twenty-one handsome widows, and the result of the visit was five weddings forthwith and an announcement that more would follow.

There are dogs standing over three feet high at the shoulder, measuring nearly seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and weighing so much as 200 pounds, and at the other end of the scale the little Mexican lap dog is under seven inches in length from nose to tail-tip, and weighs only a few ounces.

DOUBT NOT.

BY T. B. C.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh, doubting heart,
Far over the purple seas
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you yet again.

THE LAND OF DATES.

Most people nowadays know the dates of Tafilet, but few people know much of the country from whence they come, for of the many travelers who have told us something of the land of the Moors, only one or two have penetrated beyond the Atlas Mountains. Marakesh, the southern capital of Morocco, and sometimes called Morocco City, lies almost in the shadow of the Atlas Mountains, whose snow-capped peaks, rising to a height of thirteen and fourteen thousand feet, form a wonderful background to a picture composed otherwise of tropical vegetation and Moorish minarets.

Marakesh is almost hidden in a forest of palms, and looks wonderfully picturesque from the outside, but internally it is in a fearful state of dilapidation and squalor. The streets are narrow, though wider than those of Fez, and the houses are for the most part small one story buildings with the usual inner open court. They are built of mud, brick, and concrete, and there are only two stone buildings in the place. The bazaars, however, are large and well supplied, where all manner of goods are on sale, from Manchester cottons to Moorish daggers and brasswork.

Briefly, it presents a maze of yellow streets leading here between the crumbling walls of tottering houses; there, through narrow, dimly lit bazaars with their tiny boxlike shops; and here, again, amongst the high, white walls of the residences of the richer class. Then out into great open dusty spaces, surrounded by half-ruined mosques with tiled minarets, and gardens, above the walls of which appear the tops of palms, olive, and orange trees, and the straight stems of glowing cypresses.

Then, perhaps, one turns a corner and comes face to face with a drinking-fountain of exquisite tilework and carved wood, to stumble, as one gazes at it, into a manure heap or a hole in the road, broken in the roof of some aqueduct. And beyond, the wonderful range of white snow-peaks, the silent majesty of the Atlas Mountains.

Before the ascent of these moutains began, however, there was a wide and dreary plain to be traversed, the soil of which had been turned into light yellow by the heat of the summer. This passed, the work of climbing becomes arduous, and by-and-by one passes from great heat into extreme cold. At times the track goes along the face of a precipice, anon through deep rocky defiles, and again across rushing streams. There is no game to speak of among these mountains, and often no vegetation, beyond the northern slopes which are exposed to the winter rainfalls. After leaving the area of vegetation, food becomes scarce, and travelers subsist for days on green tea, boiled turnips, and dry figs, with occasionally a handful of walnuts—surely poor fare for such a toilsome journey.

Tafilet is so called after a district in Arabia with a somewhat similar name. It consists of a long strip of irrigated land which extends for many miles along the parallel beds of the rivers Ziz and Gheris, which flow out of the Atlas Mountains. It comprises probably four hundred and fifty square miles of land under dense palm cultivation, and is divided into seven districts or provinces. So large an extent of country could only be cultivated by means of irrigation, and the system is most extensive.

Nature favors the oasis in this way, that the gradual slope of the valley allows the water to be drawn away from the river without the employment of artificial means for raising it being necessary. The canals and conduits are so numerous that they are met with every fifty yards or so. Some of them are very large, with a channel twenty to thirty feet wide, and a depth of four or five feet of swift flowing water even in the summer time. The channels of the larger canals are bricked and bridged wherever a road crosses the waterway. Most of the water-courses are raised by embankments above the level of the surrounding ground, so that by cutting away a portion of the bank, the stream can be turned on to the level of the soil, and the whole area quickly irrigated. Between the canals the cultivated plots are usually in square beds of ten to twenty yards square, divided from one another by low banks of earth, so that one portion can be flooded, when needed, without wasting water on other portions that may not need it. Sometimes small channels are cut along the top of these banks, so that minor streams can be carried in every direction and turned on when wanted.

All the oasis is under the date-palm, except in one district, and whatever other minor crops are cultivated are grown under the palm-trees. So extraordinarily thick are the palm groves, that rarely in Tafilet can a view be obtained to a greater distance than one hundred yards in any direction, beyond which the horizon will be bounded by a forest of straight stems.

The line between the desert and the irrigated oasis is so clearly defined that one may, on the outer portions, step out of a green field of palm-trees into soft yellow sand over the ankles. So valuable is the land that the roads and tracks through the oasis are made as narrow as possible, and they twist and turn in an extraordinary manner amongst the fields and gardens. Here and there large open spaces are left for the purpose of drying the dates, and for the holding of local markets, or soks. The villages are either square or oblong, and are surrounded by concrete walls of great thickness, protected at intervals by towers, and sometimes also by a deep ditch. The inhabitants are both Arabs and Berbers, with a considerable number of Jews, and poverty seems to characterize most of them; for although the people of Tafilet are never absolutely wanting for food, few of them taste flesh meat oftener than two or three times a year.

Grains of Gold.

Love suffers, but it never forsakes.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.

The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong-doing will breed hate in the kindliest nature.

A set of mortals has risen who believe that truth is not a printed speculation but a practical fact.

A good word is an easy obligation, but to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Youth is to all the glad season of life, but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains or escapes.

Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible, and there, in the long run, it is as good as certain.

I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me than why they were.

Praise is a skilful, hidden, and delicate flattery which satisfies differently him who gives it and him who receives it.

Never seek to be intrusted with your friend's secret, for, no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you will be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

Femininities.

No man is as good at home as his picture looks in his neighbor's album.

You never find a man who owns a diamond scarfpin wearing long whiskers.

Bob: I don't think I care for the New Woman. Tom: Why not? Bob: She's usually too old.

"Ocean steamships are like promissory notes," said Hicks. "You don't begin to worry about 'em until they're three days overdue."

Destitute Englishmen abroad can demand to be sent home. They apply to their consul, who gives notice accordingly to captains of ships about to sail.

Ella: I wonder if he thought I was a goose for refusing him? Marjorie: Probably that's what he meant. He said you were no chicken, after all."

Big sister: Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed. Little Dick, on Mr. Nicefellow's knee: Oh! it's all right. Mamma said I should stay here until she came down stairs.

Prof. Hebra, of Vienna, asserts that the sun does not produce freckles. They never appear, he says, in children under the age of six or eight years, whether exposed to the sun or not.

Mrs. Bryan is an expert swimmer and gave an informal exhibition of her aquatic skill in the pool at the Lincoln, Neb., sanitarium the other day. Her husband depends on the floating vote.

Bates: Fact is, old boy, nobody can acquire a thorough command of English without a knowledge of Latin. Gates: I thought so, too, but I know better now. Mrs. Gates never studied Latin.

He: How charming you look, dear, in that dress! It becomes you admirably. She: Oh, yes! That's a very old story. When the season is changing, you always discover how charming I am in my old clothes!

"Talk about your bicycle faces. Hardup has it to perfection." "Is it covered with blisters from scorching?" "No; he had the face to ask me to loan him my machine to take my best girl out riding."

Ethel: I suppose I have to wear this veil; it's the only one I have. It's so thick one can hardly see my face through it. Edith: Oh, wear it by all means! Everybody says you never had on anything half so becoming.

Husband, vituperatively: I was a fool when I married you, Mary. Wife, quietly: Yes, Tom, I know you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought you might improve a little with time.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, the distinguished English physician and medical writer, says that seven out of every ten sound and reasonable people ought to live to be 110 years old, and would do so if they "took care of themselves."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a miniature farm, the produce of which she gives to the poor and to the hospitals. Her Swiss chalet is stocked with the accumulated toys of twelve years or more, and here she has learned to "keep house" in the most approved Dutch style.

"Do you mean to tell," said the soulful young woman, "that you have never yet met the woman whose presence and touch thrilled your whole being in an utterly indescribable manner?" "Only once," said the weary young man. "It was when I was in the hands of a woman dentist."

A hale and hearty centenarian is Captain Jonathan Norton, of East Lee, Mass., who celebrated last week the hundredth anniversary of his birthday by writing a poem. He has lived most of his life within a radius of ten miles of the village where he was born, and has been in turn a farmer, a weaver, lumber dealer, a match manufacturer and a soldier.

Husband and wife have been having a little tiff. Finally the good man engulphs his head in his hat and makes for the door, deadly determination visible in every outflying tail of his coat. "When'll you be back, my dear?" hazards the meek partner of his wedded life. "Whenever I dash blank blank-dash please, madam!" "Do try and not be any later than that, if you can help it," is her meek reply.

A lady grievously tormented with a corn on one of her toes was advised by a friend to anoint it with phosphorus, which in a weak moment she did, but forgot to tell her husband before retiring at night. It was a very hot night, and she put her foot outside the clothes for coolness. It had just struck twelve when the husband awoke, and was startled to see something sparkle at the foot of the bed. He had never heard of a firefly in the locality, nor did he ever remember seeing such a terrible-looking object as the toe presented. Reaching carefully out of bed till he found one of his slippers, he raised it high in the air and brought it down with great force upon the mysterious light. A shriek and an avalanche of bed-clothes, and all was over. When at last he released himself from the avalanche, he heard his wife groaning. He had struck the phosphorated toe!

Masculinities.

Of all pests the man who has nothing to tell, and tells it in a whisper, is the worst.

Jaglets: Who invented work, Bill? Raglets: I don' know; but he ought to have stayed and finished it.

Lots of men who say they never argue on the street, take half an hour of your time to convince you of it.

Blobbs: That girl of yours wears false hair, stone teeth and a glass eye. Blobbs: With all her false I love her still.

"Is Taddles going to marry the young lady he is with to night?" "No. He's still devoted to his first love." "Who's that." "Himself."

Mistress: You want six weeks' warning? Why, one month is all that is usual. Servant: Oh, but you have such a quantity of china, mum!

"Bunkin's wife is a mighty smart woman." "Remarkably intelligent." "Intelligent? Why, that ain't any word for it! That woman knows as much as Bunkins thinks he knows."

Strange bed-warmers are used by the women of Chili. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

"So you are mad at your husband. Are you going home to your mother?" "No. I shan't do anything to please him again as long as I live."

"Drink has caused your downfall, poor man." "Yes, madam. I had an iron constitution and nerves of steel. The water has rusted 'em both."

"Peduncle is the tenderest-hearted man I ever saw." "Yes?" "I found him in the Art Institute this morning shedding tears over an Egyptian mummy."

Mrs. Banks: Is there anyone, dear, you would like to have me marry when you die? Mr. Banks: No, darling; I hold no bitter grudge against any man living.

We wish a man could preserve joy in cans, like tomatoes, and use it when scarce. When a man does find joy, he usually finds more than he can use all at once.

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon says that cigarette smoking is greatly on the increase among "well bred" women in England, which leads one to wonder as to what good breeding means.

Several cities of ancient Greece levied a tax on bachelors over 20 years old, to compel them to marry. The tax was so large that matrimony was cheaper by comparison.

"Mr. Van Arndt is a remarkable man. Actually, he can't dance!" "Nothing remarkable about that. Lots of fellows can't dance." "Yes; but Mr. Van Arndt knows he can't, and never even tries."

In a canoe. "Now that we are engaged, I really think you might give me a kiss." "No-o, I mustn't; but," as a happy thought strikes her, "mamma told me that if I went out in the canoe, I must sit perfectly quiet, and not move until you told me I could."

In the man of average stature the height of the body is ten times the length of the face; the face from the chin to the hair is as long as the hand; the arm is four times the length of the face; the sole of the foot is one-sixth the length of the body; six times the thickness of the hand in the thickest place equals the thickness of the body.

Angelina: What did you tell papa about your prospects?

Edwin: I said I had expectations from my uncle.

Angelina: Why, Edwin, you told me you had no relatives at all!

Edwin: Oh, yes, but I'm going to pawn my watch this evening!

Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes' challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

An English journal tells a good story at the expense of the Earl of Derby. While walking on land belonging to the Earl a collier chanced to meet the owner. His Lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro'?"

"O," exclaimed his Lordship, "I got it from my ancestors."

"An' wheer did they got it fro'?" asked the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"And wheer did their ancestors get it?"

"They fought for it."

"Well, begad," said the collier, squaring up to the Earl, "I'll feight thee for it."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Taffeta gowns are charmingly trimmed with gauze and embroidered tulle, and among favorite white costumes is white silk, covered with white tulle and having paste buckles and buttons.

Torchon lace is again seen and affords a change from valenciennes as a trimming for ecru linen gowns and bodices. Capes of linen very much furbelowed and adorned with bows are a feature of the season.

Changeable taffeta composes some very charming gowns, as do flowered silks. Another style is having a decided success. This is a taffeta with wide stripes of color, separated by a faille band in white, covered with a small design. The variations on this idea are numerous.

It is said that many elegant costumes for fall and winter will be composed of wool goods. These gowns, often of cloth, will be very light colored by preference, and will be enriched with embroidery, fancy galloons, heavy guipure, ecru lace and fine buttons. The collar, revers and belt will be of darker plain or fancy velvet, usually of a contrasting color—green on pale gray, French or peacock blue on white, maroon on light beige, black, violet or pansy on mastic and ecru shades.

The fashion of white costumes is to be prolonged into cool weather, muslin, pique and foulard being replaced by heavier fabrics, such as mohair, rough wools and cloth.

It is proposed to vary autumn skirts by straps, buttoned flaps and applications of embroidery and lace associated with velvet.

A pretty gown is in pale lilac crepe de chine. The skirt is full and has a pointed application of richelieu embroidery at the top, a narrow galloon bordering the extreme foot of the skirt. The bodice has lengthwise applications of embroidery, the guimpe of plain crepe de chine being full. The edge of the guimpe is covered with gold passementerie. The sleeves have three frills at the top and a ruffle of white gauze at the wrists. The neck ruche is also of white gauze.

In Paris this season for robes of foulard, of canvas, etc., even for robes of batiste—on condition that they are not light—is worn only the black taffeta skirt, laden and overladen with flounces. Because they are frou-frouant, light, and the most practicable, these skirts have received great favor.

This vogue does not exclude the fantasies of color, which also enter into the wardrobe of an elegant woman, nor the fresh, elegant and comfortable skirts of nainsook and of embroidered mousseline. One's trousseau contains a number of these many different styles. There are the ones for the house, for morning promenades, for visiting gowns and for evening gowns.

When they are the most elaborate the material is finer and the number of flounces and yards of lace are multiplied, which made the garniture for them. The plainest have a wide flounce bordered with two rows of lace, and are always accompanied by the narrow open-work embroideries, which are a charming decoration. Some are garnished with beautiful valenciennes placed over narrower flounces, graduated by a row of edging, and all equally bordered with valenciennes. They are rich and light, and of a rare elegancy.

This season's costumes are ostensibly simple. The popularity of white, the general acceptance of valenciennes lace, which has for many years been relegated to the domain of baby clothes, as the trimming par excellence for all sorts of costumes and accessories and the immense vogue of lawns, muslins and thin silks have contributed to the general effect of refined simplicity and inexpensiveness. Nevertheless the bills amount to just as much as ever, for there are silk linings and hand work to be counted in, and a fashionable muslin frock, little elaborate as it may seem to the ignorant eye, costs as much as a more pretentious one. There are cases where a careful examination shows some foundation for a large charge, the best of linings and workmanship being employed, but when one sees a gown of printed nainsook made over a lining of common colored cambric, the edge of the flounces not even hemmed, and learns that the cost of this costume is in the neighborhood of $50 one naturally wonders as to the why and wherefore.

It is said by fashion mongers that shoes, hosiery and underwear are characterized by particular daintiness this year, but was there ever a time when a woman did not have these things as fine and delicate as her circumstances would allow? The consciousness that one's less conspicuous appurtenances are on a par with or above one's gown and hat give a feeling of comfort and satisfaction that no mere outside finery can impart.

One gown has a skirt composed of two deep flounces of maize embroidered tulle, over which are panels of silk with a printed warp design. This skirt is made over a plain skirt of maize silk. The bodice of gathered embroidered tulle has a plain silk lining and is adorned with lengthwise bands of printed silk. The close sleeves are of elbow length and are adorned on the outside by three ruffles of embroidered tulle. The belt, collar and straps are of black velvet.

A smart gown is in black and white checked beige, trimmed with braid. The full skirt, falling in many folds to the foot, is finished without adornment, being lined throughout with cambric to match, and faced ten inches at the foot with haircloth. The sides and back of this skirt are cut all in one width, the bodice making a very stylish redingote, which is bordered by the braid.

The bodice portion fits the figure perfectly and turns back at the front in long revers bordered with braid, revealing a jaunty double-breasted vest of white pique fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons. On the hips are oblong tabs of the beige edged with a single row of braid. The sleeve is cut in the new leg-of-mutton shape, which is very much smaller than those worn during the summer. It is simply adorned with one row of the braid. A white linen chemisette and black satin tie are worn with this chic Parisian toilette

The hat shown is of rough black straw, with a moderately high crown encircled with a twist of white satin ribbon, finished at the left side with loops of the ribbon, through which are thrust four black quill feathers.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Cold-Water Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, a quarter of a cup of butter, two and a half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Russian Toffy.—One and a half teacups cream, quarter teaspoonful cream of tartar, one pound sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Put all in a bright saucepan, and boil till a little dropped in cold water becomes hard. Pour out on a well-buttered slab or dish, and mark in squares.

Syrup of Mulberry.—Crush the berries and press out the juice, and to one pint add two pounds of white sugar. First heat the juice to the boiling point, then allow it to cool, and filter it. Next add the sugar to the liquid, and dissolve it with gentle heat. When cold add five ounces of brandy, mix, and bottle.

Nut-Cake.—Mix two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter together. Add four eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three cups of flour, two cups of hickory nuts, not chopped. Add the beaten whites and beat until it begins to thicken. Pour into well wet moulds and add berry juice. Place the bowl in a pan of ice-water, and beat with eggs beaten five minutes. Flavor with vanilla.

Preserved Lemons.—Choose a dozen small, fresh lemons with thick skins; wash them, boil them for fifteen minutes in boiling water and then throw them into cold water to cool. When quite cool wipe them on a dry cloth. Meantime, make a syrup by boiling a quart of water with three and a half pounds of white sugar, and skimming it clear. As soon as it is clear put in the lemons and boil them for five minutes, let them cool in the syrup, then boil them again for five minutes and cool them again. Repeat this process until the lemons look clear, and are well penetrated by the syrup; they will require to be boiled five or six times. Keep them in air-tight jars covered with the syrup.

Orange Fritters.—Peel the oranges, part in quarters, remove the seeds, and boil for five minutes in thick syrup, drain well in a sieve, immerse in a light flour batter and fry them quickly in plenty of clear, very hot fat to light-brown color. Drain on a cloth, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve on a folded napkin.

Whipped Cream.—Surround a round hollow vessel with broken ice, put a quart of fresh cream into it; then; with a willow or wire egg-beater, whip the cream slowly and steadily, until it is firm, and has risen to about three times the original quantity. Drain it on a hair sieve, return to the vessel, sweeten with eight ounces of powdered sugar and a little vanilla extract. Mix carefully and keep on ice until wanted.

Apple Fritters in Surprise.—Take eight small, firm apples, with the stems on. Cut out the stems, with an inch-wide piece of apple adhering; scoop out the core with a vegetable scoop or the round point of a knife; pare the apples and put them to steep with a glass of brandy for an hour. Fill partly with marmalade; dip the apple slice, with the stem on, in a well-beaten egg kneaded with flour; to close the aperture immerse the entire apple in a flour batter, and fry slowly and to a nice color in plenty of clear, hot fat. Drain on a cloth, roll in powdered sugar and serve on a folded napkin.

Seed Cake.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of mixed peel, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, half a pound of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, four pounds of eggs, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Put the butter and sugar in a basin, and beat it till perfectly white with a spoon, beat up the eggs for ten minutes till very light, and stir them in, mixing them thoroughly; add the flour gradually, beating constantly; have the fruit carefully prepared, and add it; also the baking powder and flavoring; butter a baking tin and cover it with paper, putting several folds in the bottom; when the cake mixture is thoroughly beaten up, pour it in and bake one hour till the cake is ready. Caraway may be substituted for the fruit.

Tinning Fruit.—Use large mouthed glass jars, with porcelain-lined or glass tops. Heat the jars thoroughly before filling them, keeping them warm by putting them in a pan of warm water on the back of the range. Fill quickly, using a broad-mouthed funnel and a small milk-dipper; and, when filled to overflowing, pass the handle of a silver spoon around the inside of the jar, so as to break any air-bubbles, and fasten the tops on immediately. After the jars have stood some hours, tighten the covers, and set away in a cool, dark place. It is best to examine them in a week or so, and, if the lids are indented, the contents settled and free from air-bubbles, there is little doubt but that they will keep.

Cream Fritters with Bitter Almonds.—Mix in a saucepan six eggs with a pound of flour, dilute gradually with a quart of boiling milk; set on the fire; stir steadily with a wooden spoon, and boil twenty minutes. Add an ounce of bitter almonds, scalded and pounded to a pulp, four ounces of powdered sugar, an ounce of butter, and four egg yolks, stir a few minutes longer, spread half an inch thick, and cool on a slightly buttered tin sheet. Turn out on a floured table, divide in oblong pieces, dip in beaten eggs, roll in bread-crumbs, and fry a light brown, drain on a cloth, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

Vanities.—One unbeaten egg, mixed quite hard (about the consistency of pastry) with flour and a pinch of salt. Roll quite thin, cut into small shapes as desired, and fry in lard for a minute. While hot sprinkle with powdered sugar.

To Make Shortbread.—Put one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of soft sugar separately on the bake-board. Mix sugar and butter together with the hands, and gradually mix in the flour, kneading well, and keeping the lump firm in both hands. When all is worked up into a nice, stiff paste, cut it into two or three pieces, and make each piece round or oval as desired, and about half an inch thick; pinch the edges, dust some sugar on the top, prick them over with a fork, and put some slips of orange-peel on the top, and bake in a slow oven till they are a nice brown color.

Scrapple.—Boil a pig's head, two hours, in four quarts of water, with pepper, salt, and a little sage. Cut off the meat from the bones, and cut it up very fine. Put it back in the liquor. When it boils, stir in enough Indian meal to thicken it, and let it simmer for two hours, until it is like soft mush. It should be of the right consistency to pour out into pans. When it is cold it will be stiff enough to slice. Cut in slices like corn-meal mush, and fry for breakfast.

Warm feet are an essential to happiness and health, and if proper footwear does not keep your feet warm you had better consult a physician and get a tonic for your system, which is in all probability run down. Generally, however, cold feet are the result of improper foot dressing, the shape or material being in fault. Ordinary leather is fit only for warm weather and low shoes, as it lacks both porosity and capacity for absorption—being in this respect too much like rubber. No foot can remain either comfortable or healthy if kept in a perpetual bath of its own emanations and excretions. Leather, especially that of the more porous varieties, may be tolerated for the outside, but for cold weather it should always be lined with woollen cloth, or better, with wool felt. In fact, for all cold climates, and for winter wear in all climates where there is any winter, a footgear made from all-wool felt approaches the ideal.

According to modern notions, any illness in one part of the body may be occasioned by some irritating cause far removed from the seat of trouble. Just how this is cannot always be clearly explained, but that such connection does sometimes exist is beyond dispute. In the matter under discussion, if the nerves of the whole body are irritated by a tight shoe, or the extreme coldness of the extremities makes extra demand upon the blood supply, there is neither nerve force nor blood enough left for other functions.

These four rules for dress, laid down by some one who claims to know about it, may not satisfy every woman, but the result of following them would be better than that which is evolved from the usual indiscriminate dressing indulged in by the women of small purse.

RING SYMBOLISM.—It is a pity that the symbolism of rings is dying out, or dead. "When I was a boy," writes a contributor to a contemporary, "it was the fashion for men on the lookout for wives to wear a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if they were engaged to be married, they wore the ring on the second finger; if married on the third, and on the fourth if they resolved upon bachelorhood.

Thus the most sensitive and modest young lady might always with ease detect the matrimonial disposition of a man by a glance. But, this fashion being gone, a girl has to make love to a man before she can ascertain his views.

"This is hard upon the girl, and often very hard upon the man. The fashion, in my opinion, should be revived, though the symbolism of it might be enlarged or modified, to save trouble. For girls I should propose this telegraphic code.

"A ring on the first finger denotes poverty and willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to listen, though nothing is promised; on the third finger, 'Already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself;' on the little finger, 'Deliberating.' Some such a code would simplify a man's views, and be of great use in helping to save him from making an ass of himself."

NOTHING TOO SMALL FOR CAREFUL ATTENTION.—There are duties in the life of each of us that are often poorly done because we imagine that they are things that anybody can do. Men know that their regular work demands time, attention, thought, effort. But, that over, they have many other claims that they are content to slight, because they think slightingly of them.

They think of them as trifling, simple, homely, and so they are never well done. It is not that such things are really of small moment, but that some are unable to see their true proportions. It is a proof of a great mind when not only the most important, but the smallest and humblest duties are faithfully and perfectly performed. It takes large and extended views, acute perception of the relations of things, sound judgment, and wise thoughtfulness to preserve the harmony of function which this complex and varied life of ours demands.

It is the glory of a high and noble soul to recognize in principle and in life that nothing is too small to receive careful attention, no duty too humble to be faithfully performed, no claim too remote to be duly considered, no office too menial to be exalted by affection.

KINDNESS.—Some men, says Marcus Antonius, when they do you a kindness, are presently for ringing the obligation in your ears. Others, more modest, yet remember the favor, and look upon you as their debtor. A third sort shall be every jot as much benefactors, and yet scarce know anything of the matter. These are much like a vine which is satisfied by being fruitful in its kind, and bears a bunch of grapes without expecting any thanks for it. Thus a man that is rightly kind never proclaims a good turn, but does another as soon as he can, just like a vine that bears again the next year.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September number of Cassell's Family Magazine opens with a pretty frontispiece entitled "Summer." The initial article, entitled "The Queen's Sculptor," finely illustrated, is devoted to F. J. Williamson. There are complete stories by David Christie Murray, L. T. Meade and Grant Allen. Illustrated papers are "Round the Royal Mews—the Queen's stables; "At Home and Abroad With the Right Hon. George Curzon," and "English Cave Dwellers of To-day." The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The September number of St. Nicholas shows the usual variety and timeliness in its contents. Max Bennett Thrasher describes the "Out-of-the-way Corners of Westminster Abbey," seldom seen by casual visitors to the famous building. "Samantha's Summer Boarders," a story by Agnes Carr Sage, were a dog, a parrot, and a monkey, and they were a very lively and mischievous crew. Agnes Repplier tells of life "At School a Hundred Years ago." W. S. Harwood contributes a sketch of Joseph Francis, the founder of the life-saving service, and the other matter is of the usual superior character. Published at New York.

In Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for September, Mr. David A. Wells, continuing his articles on the "Principles of Taxation," considers its definition, object, and sphere. In a humorous prper entitled "The Sympsychogrrph; A Study in Impressionist Physics," Professor David Starr Jordan satirizes the conclusions and claims concerning certain visionary matters, mental and moral, which some enthusiastic persons are disposed to infer from Rontgen's discovery. The rest of the contents are equally interesting. D. Appleton & Company, New York, publishers.

"Music," that fine monthly devoted to the melodic art in all its phases, comes for the month filled with entertaining articles of the highest interest to all. There is not only excellence and originality in its pages, but a rich variety as well. No better publication of its kind is issued in any language. Published at Chicago.

The September number of the "Eclectic Magazine" opens with two articles on similar subjects. The first is entitled "The Incarnation: a Study in the Religions of the World," and as its title implies, is comprehensive and liberal in its manner. "The Bab and Babism" contains information on that little band of devotees who have so lately stirred up the sluggish religious tendencies of the East. There are numerous other high class and lighter articles, and several well-written stories and sketches. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

The September Century abounds in articles of timely interest, and in an unusual variety of fiction. No serial story of the present time is attracting so much attention as Mrs Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady." Mr. Howell's lively story of Saratoga, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is continued; and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr contributes the first part of a novelette, "Prisoners of Conscience," which deals with life in the Shetland Islands, and is strikingly illustrated by Louis Loeb. Of the numerous other papers one of timely interest is an Arizona miner's account of his hard experiences in "The Gold Fields of Guiana," illustrated by photographs. The editorial department's attention is given to several leading public questions. Published at New York.

THE QUEEN'S LODGERS.

A grant of apartments in Hampton Court Palace is obtained solely by royal favor, for they are the absolute gift of the Crown.

There are, however, two ways even in this. One way is to enlist the good offices of some person of distinction and favor at Court to procure a nomination.

This means that the name of the candidate is entered in the official book as duly nominated for a grant of rooms when the turn shall arrive.

This method is the ordinary one, and it is adopted in the case of the widows of Ministers of the Crown, officers of distinction in both Services, and officials of long and tried service who are left in reduced circumstances.

Very often the Queen personally interferes and orders a name to be put down, as in the case of the widow of the late Earl Granville. Her Majesty, moreover, invariably enters the names of widows of personal attendants of her own—Ladies of Honor whose incomes are not large, and ex-Maids of Honor who have since become widows.

As there are only a limited number of rooms, and the names of candidates waiting for their turn cover several pages of a stout volume, it is easy to perceive that in the ordinary way the owners of names which have been entered during the present year have practically no prospect of obtaining rooms at all during the present reign, unless some remarkable epidemic were to attack the present occupants and all the senior candidates.

The advent of a new reign, moreover, would practically sweep the list bare, unless the new sovereign willed otherwise.

The second way is a process of arbitrary selection. The Queen chooses at pleasure whom she will give the rooms to. Sometime she chooses from the list; sometimes she chooses outside the list.

When the late Captain Loftus, keeper of the Crown jewels, died, his widow, Lady Catherine Loftus, was given the first set of rooms that fell vacant, and it happened that a vacancy occurred directly.

On the other hand, Lady Albert Seymour, the widow of a former colonel of the Scots Guards, had to wait four years before an opportunity arose for the Queen to exercise her power.

Of late years the Queen has shown a preference for the second method, and a candidate's chance is but small unless, in addition to her nomination, she can command sufficient favor with the Queen or Princess Beatrice to cause her to be selected out of turn when a vacancy arises.

These rooms are, as a rule, only granted to ladies—unlike those in St. James's and Kensington palaces, which are more often granted to gentlemen of one or other of the Royal Households.

It is quite obvious, however, that a residence at Hampton Court would be quite unsuited to any official the duties of whose office involved much personal attendance at court.

The rooms are given for the life of the grantee, and the grant would, therefore, not be affected by a new reign. The occupant's rights are limited to occupation.

Formerly it was possible to let the rooms, but this privilege was recently abolished, because it was found that it was so freely used that the palace was practically becoming a hotel.

Occupants, moreover, are not allowed to lend their rooms to friends, for fear that this should simply disguise a real "let."

At the same time, of course, they can invite friends to stay with them, and if they allowed the use of their rooms to one lady or a couple of ladies for a day or two during their absence, this would probably be winked at.

The Queen, in short, wishes to prevent the rooms being used as a regular source of profit and help to absenteeism, but she has no desire to press the rule too exactly.

The occupant takes the rooms in the condition left by the last occupant, and has to put them in repair—unless by special favor this is done for her, when the cost would be included in the estimates for the royal palaces.

Most of these residential sets of rooms are in Fountain Court under the State Apartments, and their front doors open into the cloisters of the Court.

Others are in the oldest portion of the building, which looks out on the private gardens by the river.

The largest and best suite of rooms, which belongs to Princess Frederica of Hanover, is in this quarter.

Formerly the Princess resided almost entirely at Hampton Court, and was the centre and queen of the great society of the palace, but of late years she has spent most of her time abroad.

Now that the gardens are thrown open to the public, the occupants have no special privileges with regard to them, beyond the fact that in the old garden a piece of ground has been enclosed for lawn tennis. The latter is reserved solely for their use, and maintained by subscription among them.

Some of the older ladies have not moved outside the palace for years. A walk in the courts or along the terrace, or an excursion round the grounds in a bath-chair suffices them for exercise.

Some, on the other hand, only live there during a part of the year, spending the rest of their time in London (in the season) or on visits to friends.

AS TO "SPITING."

"Spiting" a neighbor is a gentle art practically unknown in the slums; it is practised by those respectable folk who would scorn to descend to settle a grievance by the primitive mode of fisticuffs or by going for the back hair.

Certain instances of this paltry method of "getting even" have become historical and will be handed down to a wondering, and perhaps a wiser, posterity.

Some years back, for example, a gentleman, wishing to "spite" his neighbor, went to great expense in having built round his estate a wall so high that it not only completely enclosed his estate, but spoiled the view of his enemy. For a time he was cock-a-hoop; but his triumph was short-lived.

Not to be beaten, as the sporting writers say, the other landowner erected a high tower—a tower which stands to this day, and is likely to be in good repair a century hence—from the top of which he could command a view of the country for miles around.

A similar history is attached to several other landmarks of the same nature.

Another case in point is of more recent date. Annoyed by a well-known peer, who treated him rather disdainfully, a farmer gave a Nonconformist body a plot of land immediately opposite his lordship's principal lodge gates, that they might build a chapel.

When the local magnate heard of this circumstance he was most indignant, and tried his utmost to bring about another arrangement; but, in spite of all he could do, the place of worship was erected in accordance with the original plan.

For months his lordship made no sign. Then an army of workmen came on the scene, pulled down the lodge, and, having diverted the carriage-drive re-erected that structure about half a mile away from its old site and from the objectionable chapel.

Several methods of "spiting" a neighbor, too, have been practiced for generations. The least known of these is resorted to in country districts only, and consists in destroying a fruit or other prized tree.

At the dead of night a bit of bark is taken off, after which a hole is bored in the trunk, a quantity of quicksilver poured in, and the bark carefully replaced. The tree thus "faked" does not immediately grow sickly, but dies in the following season.

The best known of these old devices, on the other hand, is probably that of collecting the slugs and caterpillars from the garden and throwing them into the next-door neighbor's.

It cannot fail to cause much annoyance and injury, but the laugh is by no means always one-sided, while sometimes the biter is nicely bitten.

A striking example of this occurred only last summer. A man who stooped to this dirty dodge discovered to his dismay that the more gardener's enemies he threw over the wall for the benefit of his neighbor the more he seemed to have left, while there was no blinking the awkward fact that his tender plants disappeared as if a flock of sheep were in the habit of making a nocturnal meal off them.

What was even more puzzling was that the fellow next door, instead of playing the very deuce about the thousands of slugs, caterpillars, bois, and what not that had invaded his garden, never uttered a word of complaint, but always wore a worried, preoccupied look.

Both had by chance, in fact, resorted to the same mode of revenge, and consequently a wretched grub had no sooner nicely settled down on one side of the wall than he was sent through the air to the other side.

Both had, further, taken a gentleman into their confidence, and he, determined to teach them a lesson, had employed some boys to gather slugs, about a bushel of which he had scattered in each garden. No wonder, therefore, that both men were mystified.

This, however, is not the only way of "spiting" a neighbor through his garden. In some districts a man will on occasion visit such enclosure during the night, and, taking the finest plants one by one, lift them till the roots snap.

If this operation be done skilfully, every cabbage, cauliflower, or other vegetable will for some time afterwards retain the appearance of perfect health, but its growth is stopped for ever—a circumstance which is certain to cause much disappointment.

The lengths to which some people will go in "spiting" a neighbor are amazing. Cases in which comparatively poor people have bought houses that they might with impunity annoy the residents next door are by no means rare.

An instance which happened not long ago greatly diverted the inhabitants of a small southern town. Two neighbors were at loggerheads and everlastingly "spiting" each other in some way.

Eventually one of these twain bought the house he occupied; and on the very day the purchase was completed he began a long planned scheme for utterly extinguishing the people next door.

When it was completed there ran down one side of his back garden an unspeakably hideous fence about twenty feet high—so high, in fact, that any overlooking by the old enemies was impossible.

Those snuffed-out and unhappy beings were also shut off from a splendid view.

But "spiting" has before now even taken the form of starting offensive manufactures.

Some years ago, when local by-laws were not so strict as at present, a man who lived in good style had a petty squabble with the occupier of a house separated from his own only by a piece of waste ground.

Next day he bought this plot of land, and erected on it a works in which he carried on a certain malodorous industry. The neighbors endured the nuisance for a little while, but in the end they were obliged to remove.

Immediately they had gone the place was closed, and shortly afterwards the buildings were pulled down and the materials sold.

It was calculated at the time that, after making allowance for the value of the land which remained, that contemptible act of "spiting" cost about two or three thousand dollars. So sweet and dear may be revenge.

THE SPIRIT OF ACCOMMODATION.—There are few greater necessities of social life than that spirit of accommodation which is realised in mutual compromises.

Two persons may think independently on many subjects; they may have different hopes, fears, and desires, their tastes and inclinations may lead in opposite directions, their judgments may form contrary conclusions, and so long as they are alone they are free to cherish and develop them as they please.

But directly they come together into more or less intimate companionship, they find the necessity of making mutual concessions, both in speech and conduct.

If there is to be any peace, any goodwill, any happy intercourse, any successful action together, each one must give up something that he likes, sacrifice some cherished plan, postpone some pleasure, yield some interest of his own.

The closer the relation between them the more imperative is the need for this reciprocal surrender.

No friendship can long subsist without it; no marriage can offer any hope of happiness where it does not exist.

All concerted action is dependent upon it.

FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES.—Experiments have lately been made in Switzerland with a view to putting the beautiful lakes of that country to some practical account.

Hitherto these waters have been admired merely because of their natural beauty, but now some enterprising business men have devised a scheme by which they may be make useful for advertising purposes.

The plan is to paint the words of the advertisement in big white letters on a black background.

When sunk and securely held at the bottom of the lake, the advertisement is perfectly legible, the reflection of the light on passing through the water bringing the words near the surface.

It is announced that hitherto the experiments that have been made have been very successful.

QUITE PLAIN.—A coroner in Nevada recently reasoned out a verdict that was more sensible than half the verdicts usually found.

A certain Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off, he was blown into a million pieces. The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official:—

"Can't be called suicide, bekase he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't visitation of God, bekase he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he didn't have anything whatsomever to breathe with; it's quite plain he didn't know what he was about, and so I shall bring in—died for want of common sense."

Humorous.

NO WHEEL FOR HIM.

Give me a pair of sturdy legs
And fair outfit of feet,
And I'll forego the bicycle,
However light and fleet.

For where's the wheelman knows the wood,
Or views the cloud-flecked sky?
Or leaps the fence to meet a lass
A-comin' through the rye?

To every glimpse of loveliness
His set, grim eyes are blind;
He only sees the skimming road,
And counts the miles behind.

And should he meet a maid a-wheel,
He can't think aye or no
Ere he or she have whisked apart
A dozen leagues or so.

Then give me my convenient legs,
That go where'er I bid;
Heaven keep them always tireless
As when I was a kid.

Vithout visible means of support—A balloon.

Acrobats of every household—The pitcher and tumbler.

When does a dog become musical?—When he wears a brass band round his neck.

"Oh, dear! how the hours do drag! I wish I knew how to hurry them on."

"Why don't you apply the spur of the moment?"

First baseball magnate: Your new pitcher has a slow delivery.

Second ditto: Force of habit. He used to be a messenger boy.

Tourist: I notice that in the disposition of your crops you have an eye to appropriateness."

Farmer: "Yes? How's that?"

Tourist: "Why, if I'm not mistaken, you've planted corn on the foot of the hill."

Politician, arranging for music at political meeting: Isn't that a big price? You may not have to play half a dozen times during the whole evening.

Brass band leader: But, my dear sir, we have to sit there and listen to the speeches.

A certain "uncle James," whose execution is not quite equal to his preference for the violin, was paid a delicate left-handed compliment the other night by his little niece, who, on being awakened some time in the small hours of the night by the hideous performances of two cats under the window, naively remarked, "Mamma, I don't like to hear uncle James play on a violin."

"Bobby is attending to his pianoforte lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle.

"Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."

We cannot answer for the truth of the rumor, but it is said that at a club, a man recently summoned a servant, and said:

"Call me a cab."

"Oh, dear me!" replied the servant. "I shouldn't think of doing so."

"What!" cried the man. "Why not?"

"Because, sir," the servant replied, "you are not a cab."

Little girl: Please give me a penny, ma'am. Mother is dead, and my father can't go out at night any more by the doctor's orders, and so can't earn any money."

Benevolent passer-by: "Can't go out at night! Why, what's your father's business?"

Little girl: "He's a burglar, ma'am; and before he was laid up with bronchitis we used to live beautifully!"

"But suppose," called out a man in the audience, "the free coinage of silver results in such a glut of the metal that the United States refuses to accept foreign importations of silver and gets into war with some other country in consequence!"

"Then," thundered the orator, pausing only long enough to take a big drink of water, "we will sink the enemy's war vessels with cannon balls made of silver! Ask me a harder one!"

At a small loch about twenty-five miles from the city of Aberdeen a certain Lord R. was watched while fishing by a shepherd laddie for over two hours, during which time his lordship did not catch a single fish. Getting rather annoyed, he addressed the boy thus:

"I say, my little lad, do you know if there are any fish in this pond?"

"Well, your lordship," the boy replied, "if there is ony, they must be awfu' sma', 'cause there wis nae watter there the it rained yisterday."

A certain farmer who lives in Northern New York, and who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven who has more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the farm, and, seeing the lad, asked:

"Sonny, where's your father?"

"In the pig-pen," was the reply.

"In the pig-pen? Thanks!"

And, as the man moved in the direction indicated, the boy shouted:

"I say! You'll know him 'cause he's got his hat on!"

LIFE-LONG DEVOTION.

As in most other things, the examples contained in fiction of life-long devotion of engaged couples are easily eclipsed by incidents in real life.

Sixty-two years ago, a then young German, by name Christian Schultz, asked the girl of his heart to be his. She consented, but before the wedding could be arranged emigrated to the United States.

The young swain Christian waited and waited for her return, and grew into an old swain during the hopeless process. But a few months ago, after a lapse of sixty-two years Christian's patience at last ran out.

He, too, took a ship across the Atlantic, and, reaching the States, set himself to search for his long-absent fiancee. He found her—an aged dame of eighty.

"Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds;" but Christian's love was love, and did not alter. Although he was eighty-two and she but two years younger, the two were duly married.

Four decades ago, a man living in Leicester proposed marriage to a girl, and she accepting, the marriage was duly arranged for. But before the arrival of the day which would have made them man and wife, the young fellow unexpectedly lost his situation.

The wedding was postponed, and he, despairing of obtaining a livelihood in that country, betook himself to California. Over here he was very successful. He made money, and after a time fell in love with the daughter of a ranch-owner, whom later on he married.

After a period of twenty-seven years his wife died, and he, longing to see his native land again, went back to England. Going over the old familiar ground at Leicester, he chanced to hear that his first love, to whom he had engaged himself before going away, was still residing there, she never having married.

He sought her out, and after an interval of a few months, the couple married, having been parted for over thirty years.

A curious case arose out of a will. The testator left a fortune of over fifty thousand pounds to his son. But the old man had been unhappy in his married life, and ascribed his unhappiness to his having married too early in life. In leaving the money to his son, therefore, he stipulated that the latter should not marry till he was thirty-five.

As the young fellow was engaged, and was but twenty-two at the time of his father's decease, it may be imagined that the conditional bequest was not much to his liking.

However, there was no appeal beyond Somerset House, and the heir had to grin and bear it. He spoke to the girl of his heart, and after much discussion they mutually agreed that it would be wiser to postpone the wedding.

This was accordingly done. For thirteen years they waited, and on the very day the heir attained his thirty-five years, he led his love to the altar.

A young infantry captain became engaged and soon afterwards was despatched to the Cape to participate in the expedition against the Kaffirs in 1851.

This campaign lasted till the end of the year, but the regiment to which the captain was attached remained in the country for some time longer.

Just as the troops were expecting to return home to England trouble began to break out in India, and they were drafted thither to take part in the Mutiny.

In India they remained till the rebel Sepoys were brought into effectual subjection, and for a considerable period longer. Indeed, it was not for eleven years that the officer alluded to again set foot in England. When he did eventually reach his country, the long-deferred wedding was celebrated.

A habitual criminal is not a man whom at first sight one would suppose capable of lasting affection. A London man plighted his troth, and soon afterwards was arrested for fraud.

At his trial, other charges were brought against him, and he was awarded sentences of five, five, and three years' penal servitude, the two sentences of five years to run concurrently.

At the end of six years he was released on ticket-of-leave; but before the actual expiry of his sentence he was rearrested.

It had been discovered that he had been guilty of other extensive frauds, and these were now preferred against him. The result was a further infliction of five years.

Everything, however, comes to an end, and at last, after a weary—something over ten years—imprisonment, he found himself a free man.

He found also, to his great joy, that his fiancee had remained true to him, and after a few months, when he was given a new start in life, he married her.

SIMPLE integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to poor and rich alike, giving to each his rightful dues, striving neither to over sell nor under-buy goods or labor, incurring no debts that admit of a possible doubt of being promptly met, and luring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in the daily life the principles of honesty and fairness—is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolence worthy of the name.

LIQUOR HABIT EASILY CURED. Does not interfere with business. Send for particulars.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, OHIO.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

SALESMEN WANTED—$100 to $125 per month and expenses. Staple line; position permanent, pleasant and desirable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. Co., T 137, Chicago.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia,

Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

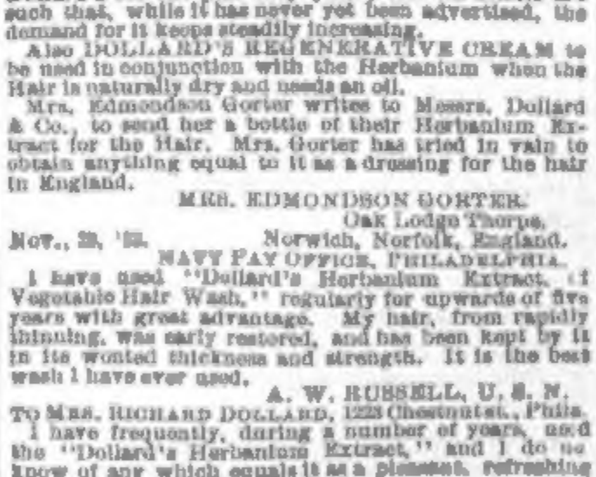
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.



Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
243-253 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after May 17, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express	daily	9.00 a m
For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	Week-days, 12.30 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp., Sleeping Cars,	daily, 9.45 p m	

Williamsport Express, week-days, 5.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.05, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1- night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.20, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.06, 4.10, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.10, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.54, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 9.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3 00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.34 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 2962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

WASHINGTON PARK
on the Delaware.

No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75 000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2 45, 7 45 and 8 30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND

With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

Exhibition of the Vitascope
Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

Children with parents free.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.